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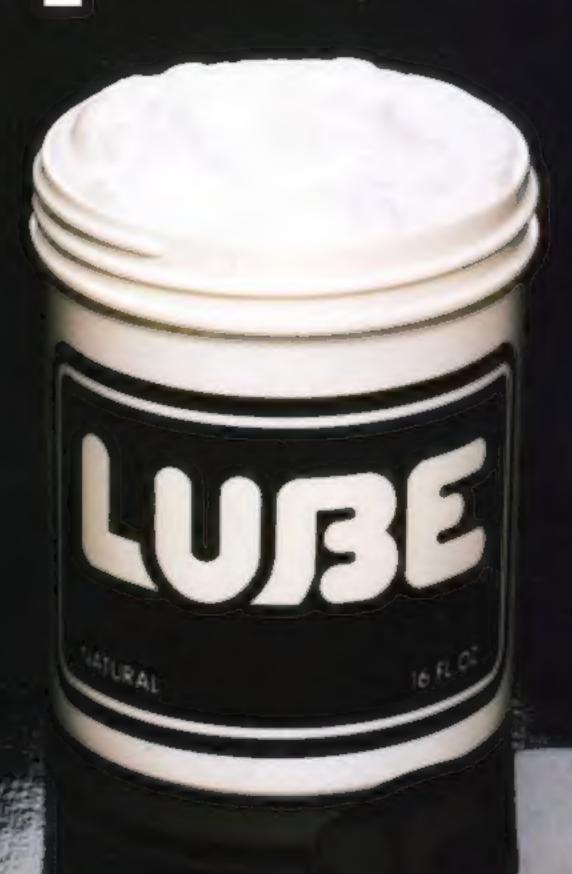
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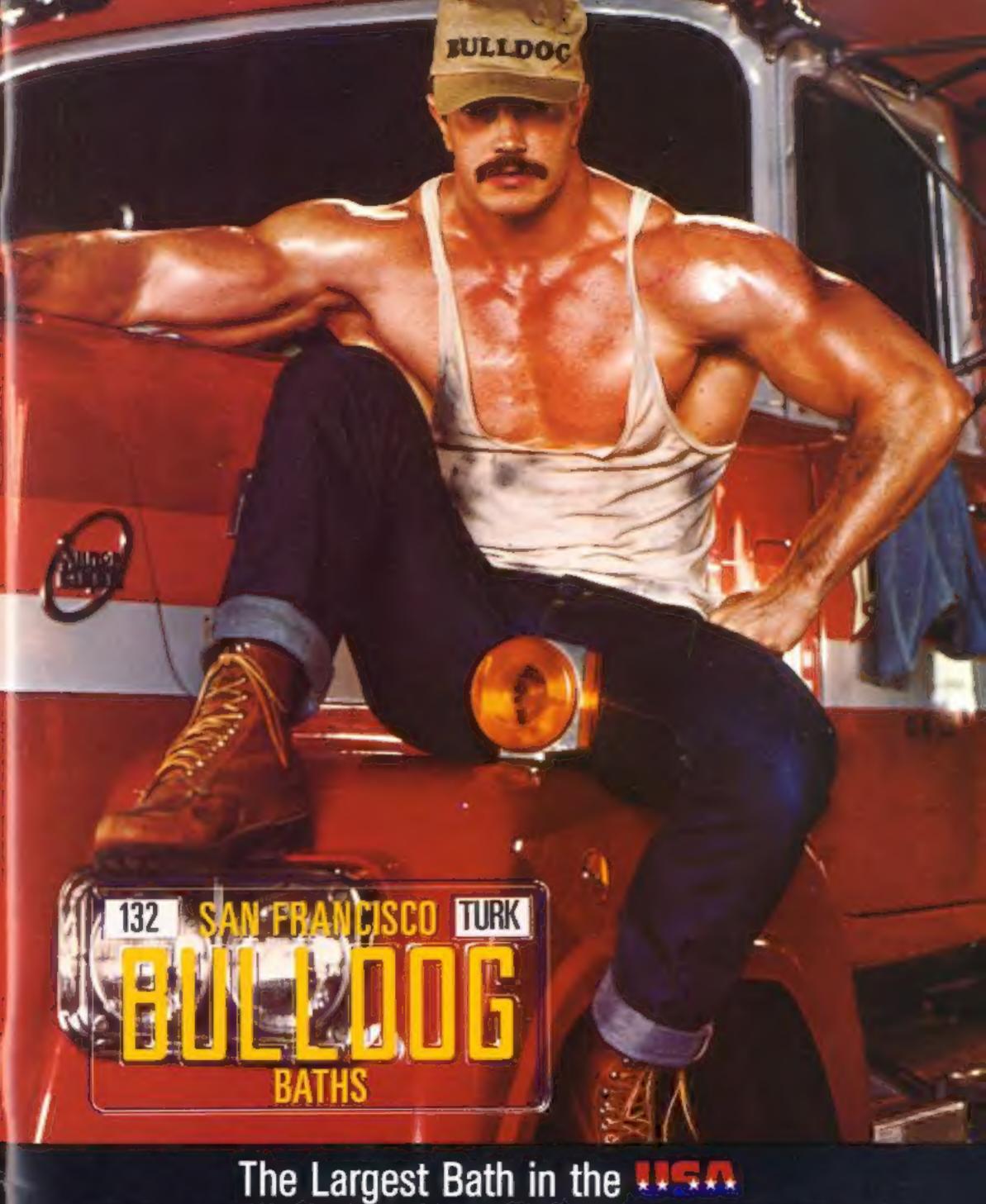
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AMERICA'S MAD FOR

THE MAD HO MALE

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

REAL MEN

Thank you for providing such a satisfying magazine, DRUMMER is definitely a magazine for real men and for men who like real men.

I am a 30-year-old boot-licking, asskissing slave and because of your magazine I have been able to correspond and meet some of the hottest men I've ever known.

The kind of man who can make me crawl on all fours and beg for more is the kind of man who reads DRUMMER.

I would like to know if there are any clubs where a slave like myself can be trained as a dog is trained. I am really into being treated like a dog, wearing a dog collar and leash, sleeping on the floor, eating and drinking from a dog's bowl.

> Rover Box 85340 Los Angeles, CA 90071

DRUMMER RIDES IN

I just finished reading DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN for the third time and I don't know if I can go another round. Phone Phuck by Jack Prescott, Posedown by Jim Hardfield, and My Father My Lover by T.R. Witomski; they are all ball-blowing; just like reading the story of my life. Those writers are great!

Tell Jack Prescott there is a severe shortage of slaves in the Midwest, We know they are out there, but we need a clever Master's approach to flush them out. No pun intended.

All we have in the Midwest are Posing bars, Leather and Chiffon bars; and you won't find any slaves there. Perhaps he could suggest an identifier, like yellow caps.

Thanks for all the good, hard fun. I'm going out now to get my brains sucked OUL

Cleveland, Ohio

OUR TITS

They sore like an eagle. "Tit Torture Blues" brought tears to our eyes, Bob and Mike

A SLAVE ... AND WHEN?

After becoming a slave to DRUM-MER and not being able to find it on my newsstand, I've decided to subscribe.

have been reading DRUMMER on and off since the first issues; but have always been afraid of what it was I liked. Now I know what it is I like, and you've shown me.

DRUMMER has reached the point of near-perfection. But when are you going to do an article on fist fucking?

> Mark Long Beach

SHAVE AND GRATEFUL

I would most humbly beg, Sirs, to be allowed to thank you for your most fabulous article "Inside Sweeney Todd's" in issue 31 of DRUMMER.

For months I have been hoping that you would run an article on the shaving of a slave and now you have done it. At this time I do not have a Master, and for me it was especially exciting to see such a hairy slave laid down in the barber chair and to be allowed to watch - however, vicariously, as he was turned into a proper slave. I have always maintained that a true slave should be shaved of all his body hair, and if at all possible he should also have his head shaved. Body hair is a sign of masculinity - and masterfulness, Sirs, and I was especially glad to see this particular slave, who has such an abundance loose his.

My only regret Sirs, in the article was that you did not show us the complete and final job in a full frontal of the shaved slave and you also did not show us this slave having his head shaved, Would you consider running another article on Master Sweeney Todd's work by showing this slave having his head done too?

Most humbly Sirs, I wish to thank you though for this article. How I wish that I had been the slave! Does Master Todd shave slaves who are not brought to him by their masters?

Philadelphia, PA

LESS RIGHT WING

Perhaps you would consider refusing advertising from the American Nazi League. They are not the friends of gays; all rightists are our enemies. Even the new German candidate for the 1980 Chancelfor elections, Franz Josef Straub. Once he said at a mass meeting when someone attacked him as a 'cold warrior' - "I'd rather be a cold warrior than a warm brother" (Lieber kalter Krieger als warmer Bruder), "Warm Brother" is one of the German expressions for gay, queer or fag. F.K.L. Meir

(Editor's Note: Drummer does not accept advertising from any political organization that bases its philosophy on fascism. A long and better court case resulted from our past attitude that anyone had the right to believe in whatever they wishes; and that Drummer could not act as a censor. We no longer feel that way. We do not have an obligation to allow space to political sentiment that is dangerous, by practice or philosophy, to gays individually or as a whole. Why they would even want to advertise here is beyond our comprehension.)

Germany

DRUMULE.

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he nears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE VOLUME 4

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Cover photo by Terry / S.F.

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David Spacrow

DEMONORS

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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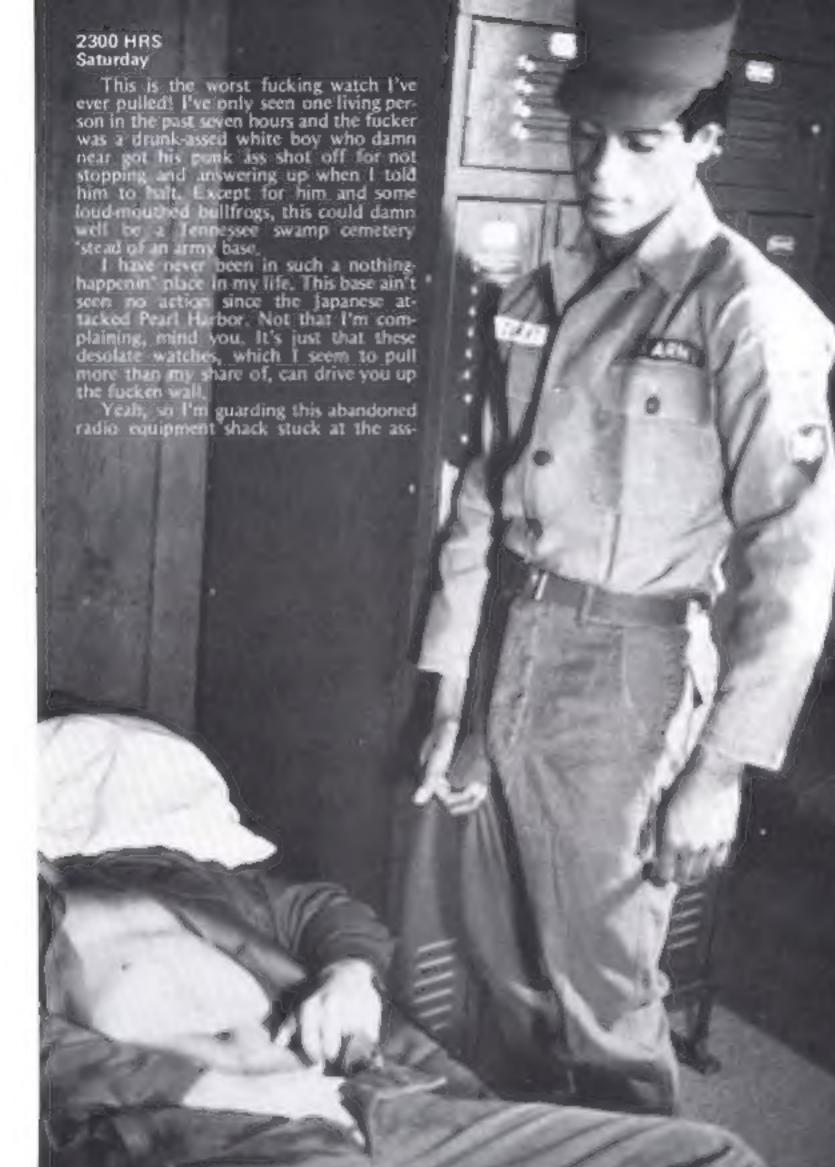
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end of the whole fucking base. This sucker hasn't been operational since Marconi invented the wireless. Shit, there ain't anything in that shack worth stealing, or fiddling with, or even looking at! But you know the army. Since they have the manpower they have guards posted at everyplace but the shithouses.

Oh man, what I wuldn't give for a fucken cop of coffee! Only an hour to go,

2400 HRS Saturday

Wouldn't you fucken know it. My

relief is that asshole drunk private that stumbled by here an hour ago. Has to be him, cause there ain't no one else in G Barracks 'cept him, and I know he's passed out cause when he went in he turned the light on in the shitter and it's still on. Even a U.S. Army shit doesn't take an hour.

And how am I going to get that stupid fucker out here so I can get off my watch-weary feet without abandoning my post? He's probably puked on himself. Five more minutes and I go get the turkey asshole, regulations or no regulations.

0100 HRS Sunday

Well, no sign he's gonna come rushing out here, apologizing and relieving me, so it looks like I'm going in after him,

He wasn't in the shitter after all so I walked into the barracks, turned the light on, and there he was passed out on the bunk. I give him a holler. He doesn't move. I think maybe he's died in his sleep, that'd be just my luck.

I walked over to his bunk and there he was, half-undressed, his hand holding onto his balls like a fucking pacifier. I





figure, fuck it! He am't gettin up and the Russ ans am't about to attack the radio shack tonight, so I'm gonna get my clothes off and hit the empty rack be side his

Well, I'm stripping off my uniform and what happens, but one of his punk assed eyes open up. The one eye saw the size of my johnson and the other eye opens, then the mouth fell open; and I know the fucker's awake. His hand starts working in his jock like it was dinner

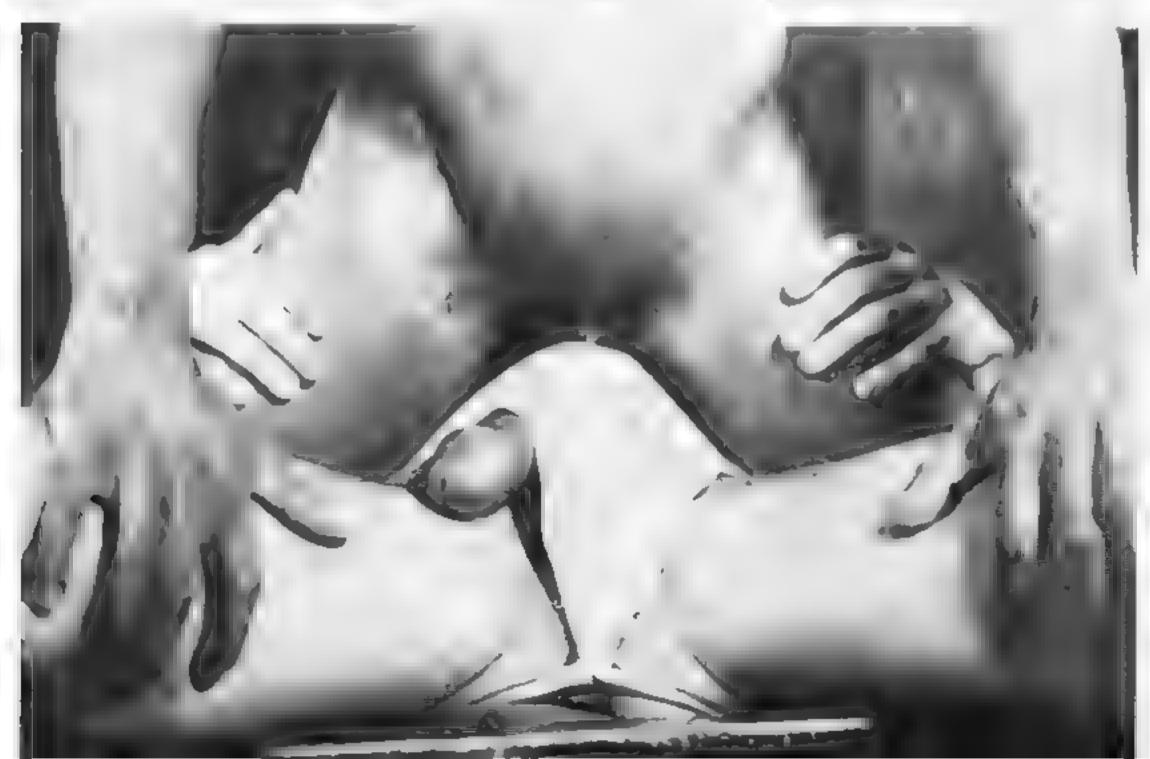
time and I was steak.

Well, I just keep on stripping, and watching this turkey watching my dick get harder and harder. Then sooner than you could say 'Private Ivan Curry reporting for duty, Sir,' he's done got his fips wrapped around the head, I'm shoving it down his throat, and he's just granning and swallowin and stiding that slick throat up and down my polecock

We'll, it didn't take a crowbar to turn his live ass over, and when I saw those white cakes looking up at me I knew my dick was going to spend the next had hour pounding assholic

Well, this horny private buck's ass knew its business. Everytime 1 shoved my meat down its hole it jumped up to meet me. I kept getting close to shoot up off in that hot box and kept backing all to make it last

I figured this asshole had to sober up out to or I'd be back out there will a cown the concrete, so I pulled my john









ORIES

EMBASSY ASSAULT

BY ALEXANDER LE GRAND

Marine Corporal Bob Clinton was just pulling on his flak nacket when the enormous weight dropped from nowhere. He fell heavily to the hard stone paving of the embassy courtyard and fought to regain his senses. He looked up to see the towering figure of a Borodakian rebel standing contemptoously over him. The man had jumped him from a parapet. above the sentry post. Bob wundered if this was part of a general surprise assault. He heard no gunfire or shouting from his fellow marine guards.

"Ha So you are a prisoner, American marine Do not hope for rescue from your comrades - my friends are taking rate of them, I think they give little trouble if they so easy

as you! Get ap (*)

The rangy blond corporal was assisted by a great tug of a citif the guerril a's massive arms, but he was not allowed to id for long. The man, placing his huge hands on Bob's. wishes seemed to the low off a nedword basis, os Just for a moment Bob had gained an impression of his captor's size the towered a head or more over the young American, who was himself over six feet tall. Though only twenty-two, the captured guard was combat experienced, but in this setuition a wave of cold terror filled his guts, knotting are. Marines supposed to be very big men, no? I wish to see!" the muscles of his flat, hard belly. The tension soon showed as a dark, spreading stain colored Bob's fatigue pants.

'Cowardly American pig! I see you piss in your pants, I

show you now how a man, a Borodakian, piss

The kneeling marine watched in horrified fascination as the rebel unbuttoned the fly of his own tan uniform trousers and put ed out his enormously thick, uncut cock, it was not remarkable for its length, but the circumference startled Bob. The Borodakian smiled arrogantly as he pulled back the foreskin, revealing the great, bulbous head. The powerful amberstream shot forth with stunning pressure, catching Bob full inthe face, Instinctively, he turned away, but the sneering giant only soaked the side of his face and neck, Rivulets of the an's frage reservoir of piss flowed down the shocked corporal's sinewy neek, wetting his broad chest and matting the golden für til at covered his armored pectorals

The captor turned his hose-like organ on Bob's or 1915, al and hurr, marking butting streams run down over B. sand. be youngster's forehead and into his piercing his eyes the ye granting with relief, the giant forced Bob's jaws open with one vise like band and anned his final spirits directly into the harmated mator's mouth. He choked and gagged, but I had to swallow the scaring hund. The Hotodakian laughed venelly and shook some fast drops over Bod's lips and justing chin. As the reber released his grip, the young guard's head

sow, stupid American farmboy, I teach you about Boro-You will see real biguid wealth of my country. Ha! Not The anyone country and the exil Great Shockh steal from my

post, le, buchquid of life!".

Silvagi di 01 resignedi delirari

Vinew tremot of feat verzed flob's lean, muscular frame. He anded up at the master and noted with the reasing anxiety, the ruge man's imposing appearance. He work to the an my fairs and combat boots. From the waist up he was to all has introcered chest covered only with crossed bando is a st ammunition for his submachine gan and thick, swithin, () hart. The harr on his head was blue black and not overly long,

are the second of the second section of the secti of the later and agree the traffical white and men co-

Without further comment is goern lla began to londe his soft, disposing prick, put ng the fell skin back and forth over the glistening head. Soon the feature of was engarged and it stood straight out from the Bit of the Hope mouth of the Control of the Control

VOG SUCK Pier

Kansashorn Bah Chaon recoded lisia threat a cograding act of submission and in spate of high $e^{-i\phi}$, $e^{-i\phi}$ the fall guard () The reforced the votation of the top top the state of the same of the sa himself gagging and cholling on the hage piece of incar being force fed to him. The victorious exolling rebut showed famisely in and out, groating with obscene delight as he finded the helpless. American sorthor's x atod mooth. It was not be a before the crisis overtook his cand Balisfed the obtaind of organ swell and harden even () -) his mouth. The list maddened guerrolla uttered gutteral erres as he delivered hathack, ouring load down flob's throat. The vocame was segreat that the youngster couldn't swallow the alice, bitter seed fast enough. His month filled and teaches of creamy, rich semen appeared at the corners of his mouth and diffbled over his clim. Jellied sir rigs of it descended to his cliest.

Just as Bob was hoping to gain a little respite frees his Captor's assaults, the rebel popped his dripping penis from his mouth. Humkfully, the desperate corporal clamped his feeth together, trying to ease the ache in his jaw. Then, without warning, the man put two massively muscled arms around Bob's wide shoulders and stood the marine up again. His head was crushed against the rough, harry cliest and the bandofters, and the man continued to increase a frighteningly powerful pressure. Bob had never felt such fraiful strength in any man-The hearting was released and the Borndak an leen d down at

"Now, American boy, I like to see how much a man you

With this blunt statement, the giant grabbed Bob's fatige. so it collar and ripped the material down the back, then tore abotton it is not in two and pulled the shredded garment from the tall, lean marine's torso, Bob stood in the merciless Borodakian sun, sweat running down his wide and dichest with its covering of bright yellow clouds of his Nix. the last-crazed master fore the kild's fatigue pants down the of the control of the sector sector sector sectors and sector sectors. out of the territied American's combat bonts. Now the air mirably built youngster stood completely naked before his captor except for the boots and a regulation marine jockstrap.

The rebel now removed his own boots and trousers, having carefully put his weapon against the courty and wall. He was left wearing only a pistol belt and the crossed bandoffers. His great, thick pudgested in a wild nest of the frackest for the swirled down his bulgog itighs and into his crotch. Be and it himself wondering how harry the guerrila's (see e. s.) in v now could the marme assess the truly magazine and a cohis Borodakian master. Bish prided himself in the source muscled development, but even in military gauss he to a conencountered anything like the massive highland from

strength of the man

Conporal Chit a pad fittle for it to reflect on what the great had in store for in new the packstrap was repeats. It from the and the testalting his long traction of the rightly and roomer L. d. Tell, a first of the latel was fas mared with the stept area to a slown to foroth and feel the acin young guard gars. In spite of bioself, Bob allowed the brighing of at its of the surprisingly light touch of the Light for the Line of the pendulous halfs withhold up to the Line of the power. full could reacted by for the second configuration toward Bat against his hairy have the first the first field was fluick but it have the first form of to a somewhere it is head. From the head clear lighted with nearly be a appear in a bright drop, which soon become a harging the exof pre-cum

"You are some man, American marine boy! I think you not have such big cock — so long! And so much hair — gold, like the sand of the desert! Lie down on ground!" The order was backed up when the rebel reached for his submachine gun Bob quickly obeyed and was supine before his captor, his penis still fiercely engarged and twitching with anticipation.

The hulking guerrilla now knelt between Bob's long, out stretched legs and atted them up until the thickly furred well sinewed calves were resting on his great shoulders. With an evil gleam in his black eyes, he stared into Bob's deeply blue ones, enjoying the marine's wide-eyed terror. Puzzled, Bob saw the man reach for a small sack attached to his gun belt. From it he extracted a small container into which he dipped his fingers generously. Carefully holding his machine gun between his legs, he lovingly greased the first six inches or so of the gleaming barrel

'You afraid, marine boy? Other marine ever fuck your ass-

hole? I bet marine cock not so hard as this! Ha!"

Bob squirmed vainly, but the master immobilized his legs in the Iron grip of one bulging arm. With the other he slowly, carefully aimed the barrel into the crack of Bob's vulnerable

"You worried I might not be so careful - maybe shoot

out your guts? You not worry - I very careful,"

The initial entrance of the barrel into the young soldier's puckered hole felt cool, almost soothing. Deeper and deeper the rebel probed, turning the gun slowly until it penetrated fully. It was only then that Bob realized that the coolness was only the beginning of a searing, burning sensation that originated deep in his ass. The grease! There was something in it that was causing the increasingly agonizing, fiery torture. The heat spread through the blond boy's guts and in spite of the pain, he felt a hot flush of pleasure inflaming his loins. As the dominator plunged the gun barrel into Bob's burning ass again and again, the increasingly exted prick pulsed and twitched signaling the onset of a set of final convulsions that seized the hapless guard's rangy frame. The flame in his asshole united with an expanding, pressuring fireball deep in his genitals.

"Oh God, it's makin' me come! Aw shit! Please - don't

stop! Fuck me! Oh gee . . . oh gee . . . I'm gonna

A grimace of supremely agonizing pleasure contorted Bob's handsome features as the climax overpowered him. The rebel watched with utter fascination as the marine gave himself up to the paralyzing orgasm. The gun barrel continued its piston ing. The former Kansas farmhand had never felt anything like the searing sweetness that moved up the shaft of his penis and finally engulfed the expanded cockhead. The first blast of semen was largely clear, the remainder of Bob's generous reservoir of pre-cum. This was followed by several long, arching shots of thick, white liquid that splattered his face and soaked his broad, heaving chest. Drops of cream nestled in the thick, golden hair that swirled over his pectoral muscles. The last of the violent tremors produced an ozzing, dribbling flow more like the rebel's own. The guerrilla had never witnessed such a display of masculine virility, and he groaned and crooned deep in his throat, amazed and transported. Able to restrain himself no longer, he extracted the barrel from Bob's violated ass and laid the gun aside. His head bowed between Bub's thighs as he released the corporal silegs. The marine was now flat on his back on the paving stones, his long limbs splayed out, his chest and belly gistening with the huge load he had just delivered on himself. For a moment, the giant closely inspected and felt Bob's still erect prick and fondled the big balls. Then, with a cry of irresistable desire the big Borodakian acquiesced to his own lust for the young American's alien magnificence. Beside himself, the rebel began a frantic process of lapping and licking every drop of Bob's generous offering. His attention was wholly given over to a mad thirst for the blond marine's seed.

By raising his head slightly, Bob could just see the knife that hung in its leather sheath from the grant's gun belt. In one lightning movement, the shrewd, well-trained youngster grabbed the knife and plunged it to the hilt into the thick, muscu

lar neck of his captor.

With a contemptuous heave, the marine shoved the weight of the fallen giant's body off his chest and stood over it, shaking his head.

"Damn if these Borodakians ain't nothin' but a bunch of

cocksuckin' fags!"



photo/Terry S.F.

THE TRENCH

BY STEVE BROWN

This jacking off in the car had to stop.

Everytime I took the car to the company shop, there would be a comment on the stained carpeting under the tape player. Shit, one of these idyllic afternoons of beating off while driving down a country lane, I'll probably be caught by the highway patrol

What else is here to do in Muncie, Indiana? Muncie, home of the pumpkin festival . . . biggest thing in this part of the state. Pumpkins? All that I could think of was pumping.

I didn't care how well paid I was, my consuming fantasy on

these long rides was my time in the Marines

My buddles and myself had gotten our first leave of duty to Saigon. Fifthy, decaying, sunking and somehow exciting Saigon. One by one the boys started passing out or were seduced

into one of the many brothels that catered to the desires of young servicemen. God, they were a hot looking group of men

On the night before our leave, in anticipation of the sex to come the next day, the men had a circle jerk, Now this wasn't like high school days with two guys in gym class. This was about ten men on a steamy, muddy night, high out of their minds, beating off their full-size man cocks into a shallow trench they had dug. Damn, you get horny out in the middle of a crummy jungle surrounded by a bunch of guys in fatigues.

Gary had instigated this ritual and made the rules. He was a mean son of a bitch, six foot six not including his boots.

and 290 pounds of muscle and nerve-

the heat in the jungle had forced us to remove our shirts, and some guys just wore their jocks, combat boots and gun belts. Gary yelled the orders: "Everyone around the trench and beat off." The idea wasn't just to cum but how long and how many times,

He whipped out his cock and in about two seconds it looked like a baseball bat, That's all the guys needed, Suddenly, ten cocks of varying hugeness starting going at it. All you could hear was the sound of balls slapping against thighs,

and fast breathing.

Gary ordered the men one by one to cum. If they didn't or if they came before being told, no one wanted to find out what would happen, except me. He picked the men at random and pointed for them to shoot into the trench. They did, it was amazing the amount of cum a bunch of horny guys could accumulate when they put their minds to it,

Gary pointed at Dev, the guy next to me who was glistenin sweat with his jock around his knees. His cock had

pleaded for relief the past five minutes.

He exploded into the earth hole, his smooth large-muscled ass quivering. "Again," barked Gary, and again he shot it out, the cum so hot it steamed even in the hot night.

Without Gary's acknowledgement I started shooting unable to control myself. The cum went into the hole and down my hand; some managed even to hit him across the trench.

"You God damn grunt, Get your fuckin' ass over here," Gary yelled. I got over quick. Then he laughed and told me to

kneel, and gestured to the men to continue.

They all seemed like giants from my kneeling position, My nostrils were full of the smell of mud, sweat and cum, Gary pushed my head down to his boots and without a word —

but more of a thought — told me to start licking.

God, they were at least size 14 and covered with mudland crap. The only jubrication my tongue got was from drips of sweat and cum from his dick. I thought I'd suffocate from the mud and smell when suddenly he started unloading his earlier. beer consumption. The piss splashed his boots, and was almost a relief to my dried out tongue and lips.

When he finally finished his recycled beer on my face, he

said, "Good job, Go clean up, and bring me a beer."

I was so fuckin' mad at that asshole; all I would think of

Then I went and got a beer for the asshole.

I drank half of it and pissed in the bottle to make it look full. He took a big swig of the piss-beer and just swallowed it. without a word. He wouldn't have dared to admit he was drinking a grunt's piss. What did surprise me was that he seemed to like it.

The river had cooled me off a lot mentally and physically Now as I looked at him, I wished we could just be by ourselves in my van back in the states. He was built like two Mannes forged together, with the face of a boy and sado-

masochism glaring in his eyes,

Did I ever want to get back at the guy, but in such a difterent way: to give a good old-fashioned hard fuck to those beautiful big buns. To look and not be able to touch was torture worse than the piss in the face, I went to bed that night screwing the dirt under my blanket.

Sagon has got to be one of the most crowded cities on earth. We started out in one big bunch, but at last I managed to get away from the rest of the guys. Gary had split earlier in the day and I suspected to exactly where: the Lee brothers'

that fuckin' place had been notorious since the 20's. No matter how this particular war turned out, they would still be in business.

The evening's dope and whiskey suddenly hit me like

cement pillows. As I went to lean on a statue amongst the crowd, my face fell on its crotch, it was Gary, and his hardon ust about knocked out my front teeth

Gary managed to bring me to by throwing me in a nearby fountain, and feigning drowning I pulled him in by his epaulets. From then on we were brothers.

I figured we should get our asses to this maison publique

before we started getting it on in the fountain,

We arrived at what must have been one of the most beautiful homes in Saigon. Passing through the fron gate into the courty and, we beheld the golden doors of paradis. Here, apparently, being American wasn't a deterrent.

The entry was even more imposing than the gate and courty and. Chandeliers of sparking crystal reflected off the black enamelied walls which were covered with erotic paint-

The Lee brothers whispered something to Gary, He laughed and turned around to me to explain that the owners suspected I would prefer one of the rooms on the second floor, since many select pretty boys were there.

As we were led up the spiral staircase, one of the Lee brothers stopped Gary and pointed to the door on the first floor across from the entrance. For a moment he didn't react, then suddenly he asked out loud: "What the fuck am I going up there for? Shit, I'm not looking for pretty boys,"

We watched him walk down the staircase, slowly at first, and then in his impatience he ran and banged on the door. It creaked open, he entered and it slammed shut. We heard the sound of his boots going down the steps and in a matter of seconds, we heard the barely distinctive male voice of Gary

experiencing shock

My expression was enough for the Lec brothers to explain that Gary had chosen to enter the "pit," Paradise has a pit, I laughed; then I ran down and went in. As I opened the door, I practically passed out from the steam and smell of sweat and dope. My eyes could barely believe what was happening in this basement.

As I came into the center of the room, there was Gary with his fatigues around his ankles, naked in the dimly lit room. His

muscular meaty body could only be seen in outline.

At least five other guys were there in partially clad uniforms, all with their cocks hard, going at him like missiles ready to attack. And attack to cyclid from the front and back Two guys were jamming his ass and he couldn't even scream as cocks were darting in and out of his mouth.

Half the guys started to cum, leaving Gary's body awash in shiny slick ooze. I had gotten hard fast and just as I came over two guys grabaed film like a greased pig and managed to pin him down on his stomach. They rubbed their hands through the cum and greased up his ass. In a split second, one of them had half his arm up Gary's butt, and the other one had a half nelson around his neck.

The sight of his writhing muscled body and the heat in the room confused me. I didn't know where to cum or piss. I was revenge. I went over to the stream and cooled off a bit, decided on the former, and shot right into his mouth. He didn't miss a drop as I held his head and fucked away at his face, and the com woo on't stip. If hally the started gugging

and as the fist was pulled out, he screamed.

I quickly got between his legs and as he heaved uncontrollably for air, I went down on him. His cock was almost more than my mouth could take. The red and pink veins wrapped around it like vines on a tree trunk. The head was perfectly proportioned to the shaft, with balls that filled each of my hands.

His mighty chest heaved, creating shadows over his tight muscled stomach as I ate more and more. Finally, like a lire hydrant, he shot all his stored up cum. I swallowed it in my mouth like fine wine until it was coming at such a fast pace I

swallowed, and again filled up.

He made a final heave of relief and put his arms under mine and pulled me up to his side. We smiled in mutual satisfaction without a word spoken. Warm jets of water bathed the dark

A voice came from the speakers giving the message that our time was up. It reminded me of an airline terminal, with the message given in at least four languages. We were the last to ieave ..

God damn it, shit. I've done it again. I'm going to tape my cock down and wear mittens in the car. The floorboard and

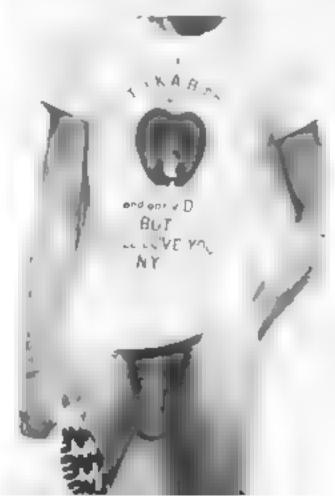
steering wheel are coated once again.



GIFTS TO GIVE OR GET

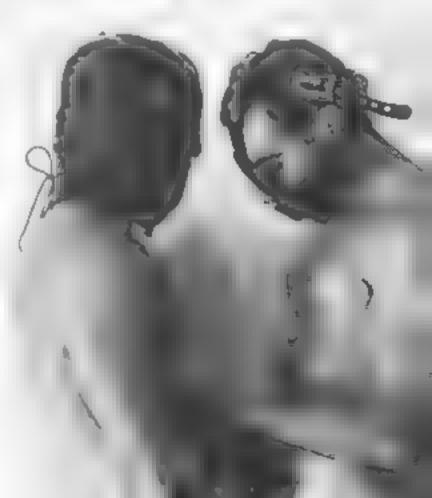


HE'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR GIFT NOR YOU



A Want to leave behind a very important part of yourself — or commemorate the world's greatest fuck? Try a cast-from-life plaster bas-relief of your (or his) throbbing anatomy. Instructions are almost obvious, but if the prospects seem too big an undertaking, check out Coleman's work at the Pleasure Chest in West Hollywood. All Pleasure Chest stores, however, stock the latest in T-shirts with a message; their exclusive I Took A Bite (of the Big Apple) and got V.D., But I Love You Still, N.Y., for those who fees compelled to do and tell.

Training gear from The Trading Post in San Francisco includes the very popular leather hood (also good for secret identies) and the more revealing gag-hood with mouth stopper. Price and size vary universal applications.





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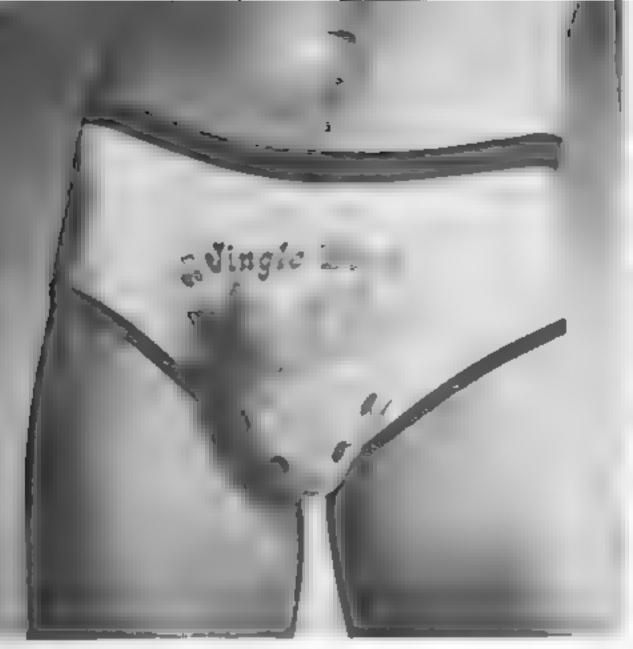
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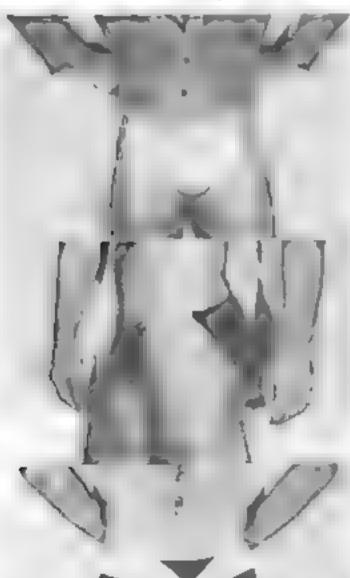






HOHOHO

△ Jingle Balls (above left) is this years \$5 double-entendre from British Buildog, and it stretches if ist Goodbody's crotic and exciting Travelling Torture Show is available on cassette tape for a reasonable \$9.95 (from the Leather Emporium). It's high-tech rock while the Prince of Pain works over his hunky subject.



AH MEN, the Los Angeles men's store that grew to international reputation, still presents the newest in casual wear each year. Their color catalogue, available for \$1, highlights the hottest in both clothing and models.

Instant Erections. The master's jock comes with an unsnappable cod-piece to reyeal the real thing. (\$52.50)

The chrome-studded collar gives any neck a special treatment. \$12,50 from Leatherworld.

Fifteen dollars will get you a year's subscription to STRAIGHT TO HELL; definitely not a coffeetable item; but he'll love you for it.



This Christmas / Hanukkah give STH to someone you love; next Christmas / Hanukkah you may not love him enough to.



Part Five Of MAISTER BENSON

BY JACK PRESCOTT

When Rocco returned to the kitchen, we continued comparing notes about our masters and our new lives. The booming voices from the other room would command the presence of one or the other of us occasionally — getting cups of coffee or refills in their brandy glasses. Rocco and I tried to piece their conversation together

"Jamie, they're worried about the missing guys, I know it."
He had just reported an exchange the two masters had been having about Porytko, the Polish Topman, and about how dumb he was. Rocco said that Mr. Benson had commented. He's so stupid, he might be the one pulling this off."

Did Rocco agree? "No, Jamie, it can't be Porytko, these guys who disappear, they're all beautiful. Really good looking. They wouldn't go home with a sob-like that." I pointed out that some men had strange taste. "No, Jamie, Proytko's out It can't be him."

My mind was reeling from the new idea of real danger being associated with my slavery. "Rocco, why did you think it was Mr. Benson?"

"I didn't, Jamie, it's just that he's so handsome, and he used to pick up so many men, well, I just never knew. It's hard to figure out just who it would be, since they share so many slaves."

"They do?"

"Hasn't he given you to anyone yet?"

"No, he just talked about my being available."

"Well, they pass us around a lot. I'm afraid you'll have to get used to it. They have these rules, that everyone's slave is available to the others. I guess Mr. Benson's been keeping you at home for training, but if you're in the clubhouse, any one of them can use you."

I shuddered, remembering that one night I had gone there

and had been branded.



"Especially if they just trick, they'll pass the man along to whoever wants someone, So, you can't tell just by who picks someone up. You have to know who saw them last. And we can't ask them!"

The other conversation was beyond our hearing.

Brendan it has to be Hors. There sind one eise who would

be capable, And, that bastard's so mean

"I know Mr. Benson, but how are we ever going to prove it? I'm worried. If the force ever comes into this, if they put all the pieces together, they'll find the Topmen and blow the whole thing. We have to take care of it ourselves, And, I'm concerned not just because of the club. Look, Mr. Benson, I'm a cop, and I'm proud of it. I'm withholding information from an investigation. Not only am I putting myself in jeopardy, I'm denying my pledges to the force, I've got to find out what's at the bottom of all this."

"Do you think it's murder?"

Brenden thought for a while, "I hope not, but we have to be prepared for it. It could be, if it's not, then where are all these men going? There've been twenty guys who've disappeared in two months. The investigators are so blinded by prejudice that they haven't seen the obvious pattern, But, I have. I know they've all been in leather bars when they were last seen. I know it, and I know that they all were last seen with members of our club, But, I can't trace them further unless I come out in the open with my information, I can't convince anybody with the circumstantial evidence I have now. And to use use a clift member without proof is going to be more difficult than to convince a jury. The guys like Hans, Mr. Benson. They think he's okey, Everyone is so into our concept of brotherhood that they'd defend him unless I had overwhelming proof."

"We could set someone up."

"I've thought of that, Mr. Benson, but we don't know anything about what happens , , , later. We don't know where he takes them, or what he does with them. I've tialed him many times. I've never seen him with one of the boys, and I've never seen him go anywhere but home to his apartment or over to Jersey City to his office. I can't let anyone take that chance,"

What about one of us?"

Brenden dismissed the idea, "Who's going to take one of us for bottoms?"

Just then, Jamie brought in a new bottle of brandy that Mr. Benson had ordered. The two men watched him so intently that Jamie thought they were going to pounce on him, and didn't know whether to stay or leave. When nothing was said, he went back into the kitchen.

"Rocco, they've gotten real strange now, They just stared

at me without saying a word. "

"They must have been waiting for you to leave, that's all, I

tell you, Jamie, they're really worried about this."

"No, Brendan, I won't send famile into that without more Information. We have to discover what happens. You say he never goes anywhere but home or to the office . . . " Mr. Benson pondered that for a while,

Mr. Benson closed the door after Rocco and Brendan had left. My mind wash t allowed to inverion the strange tales of missing men. The brandy look on Mr. Benson's face had something different in mind for me.

"Go clean yourself out."

Even a couple of hours visiting with an old friend hadn't let me forget who I was to this man, my master. The cold glint in his eye showed me he hadn't forgotten either. "Yes, SIF "

I went off to the bathroom and set up the equipment, In a few minutes I was gushing warm liquid up my bowels, getting ready for Mr. Benson. I was thinking about him; he had taken over the ideas of the other people totally. When I was with Mr. Benson and paying attention to him, I had no room in my

mind for any one or thing else.

I was thinking about how much I had changed, I looked down at the nugget hard hippies on my chest, at the expanded jockstrap covering my shaved crotch, and I felt the brand on my ass. Owned lock, stock and barrel by someone else. Irrevocably marked as chattel, a possession. And it was becoming increasingly clear to me that it had been my choice. That this was a man I had chosen all along the way, from the opening night in the bar to this act of cleaning out my body for his pleasure. I had decided to make myself over for Mr. Benson. To give up the day to day freedoms of a meaningless life for

the sake of belonging to something, someone. In order to belong to Mr. Benson,

The douching was part of one of our retuals. One of the set of actions that ground in the reality of my subservience. One of the ways Mr. Benson had devised to show both of us that I was ready and willing to do his bidding.

it didn't come as regularly as the polishing of his toilet, or the shaving of my body. But, it was more menacing. It was no slight social convention. It took our life together deeper into a

reality of its own,

When the water came out of me as cleanly as it had gone in, I knew I was ready. I would wipe myself off and go into his bedroom where, as I knew he would be, Mr. Benson was wait-

ing for me.

He was maked. He stood there, the hair over his cock and balls emphasized my own lack of covering. I was overcome by the sight of him. The chest, the full, muscled stomach, the arms promising such strength. Mr. Benson, my master, my man, the one for whom I would do anything, I went to him that night as I had others and knelt before my living idol, Waiting for him, barely able to restrain my self and my emo-

Take it, boy."

"I greeted the most welcome of commands with a lunge at the cock that had begun the whole thing. I took its uncut length into my mouth and socked quickly and lustry at its salty shaft, delighting at the smell of the hair over the crotch. My hands went up and gently rilled the full hanging balls, their silky weight always a pleasure to me. My mind went through somersaults, thinking about Mr. Benson and the manhood of his that was pulsing down my throat. The pleasure was short lived. As soon as he was hard, Mr. Benson pulied back.

"Put on my chaps."

I got off from the floor and went over to the bed where the black leather waited for me, I picked up the covering and returned to him. First, I pulled the waistband around him and snapped the catches in the front. Then, back on my knees I lugged at the tight zipper. I strugg ed until it caught, first on one leg, then on the other. Then I slowly pulled each one down the width of his thighs and past his knees and over the bulge of his calves. I leaned back, Mr. Benson was one of those men who were leather naturally. One of those study that everyone else tries to be like. There was no facade about Mr. Benson when he had on his chaps. They were as natural a part of his being as the hair on his head,

My cock was standing straight out from my body as I tooked up at him. I thought of gladiators in their uniforms, ready to go into battle. And there was Mr. Benson, clothed for the arena where he was about to take me, the slave boy, in

front of the crowds.

"Get the grease," I went to the night table and brought back the can of crisco. He put out his arm. I opened the container and pulled out a handful of the white lubricant. I started with his wrist, laying on a thick glob, and then spread it up and down the forearm, through the knuckles and over each of the fingers. I left a coating on every part of his arm up to his elbow. I rubbed it in until the warmth of his body melted the whiteness into a shining oil covering his skin, Mr. Benson was

ready, it was my turn Mr. Benson liked offerings. He, we some ancient god, measured obedience by the size of sacrifice. Whenever some thing was to be done to me. Mr. Benson, et me do as much of the preparation as possible I knew it was time, and silently I went over to where the cuffs were kept. I came back and kne-t once more in front of him. I put an the two wristcuffs, the hooks dangling from them. Then I reached down and fastened the ankle bands. I was ready. Mr. Benson took his ungreased hand and with my help, snapped each of my wrists to one of my ankles. I was bound, and waiting for him. He gently pushed me over onto my back into a position where I was forced to spread my legs, the metal attaching each of my wrists to an ankle making me expose my asshole to him. My cock rubbed painfully against the tight pouch of the lock strap he still kept on me

The greased hand came down and warm, only fingers started to massage the hole. I could almost count them as they spread open the circle of muscle. I quickened my breath as they shoved up against the sphincter. I mouncd as the knuckles followed, and bit my tongue, in the face of the wave of pain turning to pleasure as the widest part of his hand went into me, and then it was there, his whole hand deep inside me pulling away at the very being and center of my body, grab bing my soul

That immeasureable sensation of Mr. Benson holding on to the center of my bowels swept over me. Hooked right at him, my mouth gapping open as he tasked to me, "My good little ass-boy. My good little slave. Learning to take Mr. Benson every way he wants you."

The strong muscles of his arm pumped away at me, my stomach contracted against the force, my mind pushed back, trying to greet this man of men, trying to please Mr. Benson

the was stroking away at his cock, the hard pose of man hood covered with the looseness of his foreskin. Mr. Benson, my master, whacking away at his own sex, pumping away at me. We never could last long at these scenes we both loved so much, and his white semen soon shot out over my body my open mouth fighting to take the ooze, trying to eat the man who grabbed at my being with a hot fist shoved deep inside me.

My life with Mr. Benson took on a growing meaning with almost every passing day. I was more and more aware of how much I had given up to him and how much I was vulnerable to him for my existence. I had no job, I had no money of my own, I had no home of my own, I was totally dependent on him, and my mind was totally dependent on my trust of him.

That's one of the things that makes the disappearance of these other guys so horrible, Jamie. S&M, whether it's the real thing that you and Mr. Benson do or the sex pray thing that Brendan and I do, it's something that needs trust and demands care. These guys are all into leather. They've trusted someone and they've been taken advantage of at their moment of least defense." Rocco had become adamant the next Sunday that he came over with Brendan. "We've got to do something."

"What can we do?"

"James they're our brothers. They're like us. They're taking the risk to live out their real selves. If we desert them,



"But, Rocco, what can we do? I'm kept here without any clothes. I haven't been let out of the apartment in over a hinow. I couldn't do anything if I knew what it should be

'There's a way, Jamie. Next week there's a Topmen party Mr. Benson must be ready to take you to one, he's let Brendan come here twice now. That's going to be our first chance. After that, you're going to have to get him to take you more often. Here's what we're going to do

Brendan, I tell you everytime I look at Jamie and think about that poor guy in the hands of someone who would mis treat him, it just sends me up the wall. What kind of pervert would play top and then kidnap a little guy like that. It's aetting to me, Brendan, we have to do something. There's a rarty next weekend, That's going to be our chance

Brendan nodded

"Here's what we're going to do

I wasn't at all sure about Rocco's idea. But there was a possibility, I wasn't convinced I'd be able to go through with it, even after I knew that Mr. Benson would be taking me to the party, until Thursday night, What happened then made me want to do it, but for totally different reasons.

'Boy, we're going to have company at nine o'clock."

I looked up from the book I was reading in the corner and waited for Mr. Benson to explain. Brendan and Rocco had been the only guests up till then. "Come here, I want to talk to you about it."

Puzzled, I went over to Mr. Benson and rested my head against his outstretched hand. "Boy, there are some things that just shouldn't exist in slaves. Things like contentiousness, resistence, you know that, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir." My only acts that approached having fought back to Mr. Benson had been crying for mercy when he had

strung me up to 'exercise' my tits.

"Boy, another trait that should be wiped out of a slave smind is jealousy. A slave should never be jealous of his master. Once the two of them have made their contract, they should trust one another to live it out. Do you trust me, boy "

I didn't like the drift of this conversation at all. I just looked up at him and slowly nodded an agreement I wasn't

sure of

"Boy, another bottom is going to come over here tonight. One master can easily take care of two slaves. There's no reason for one of them to feel like he's less than the other. I will not tolerate," those words were heavily emphasized, "jeal ousy between slaves. I want you to treat the new boy just as tenderly as you treat Rocco. Do you understand."

I knew I didn't like this conversation! My mind sped as I tried to take in what he was telling me. I voiced one pre-

dominate concern, "Is he going to live here?"

No, boy," Mr. Benson smiled as warmly as I ever saw him smile to me. "You don't have to worry. He's a trick. Someone I've seen and I'm giving a little training to," His voice hardened in I would in the one But, right now, this is just a one night stand."

I was relieved, a little

But, I expect you to make it a very pleasant one night stand for me. If you don't, your friend," he lifted up the riding crop I thought had been retired, "is going to have a few words with you later. Now, go clean yourself out. I want you ready for whatever happens ton ght.

I wasn't in the best mood as I douched, thinking about another bottom coming to see Mr. Benson. But, my time with Mr. Benson had already changed my head so much that my thoughts went rapidly from concern and worry to intrigue and excitement. Another slave? What would be be like? What was the sex going to be like? I started to get hot thinking of watch-

ing Mr. Benson taking care of another man

By the time I was finished and went into the fiving room I was really turned on. I was ready for Mr. Benson's surprise evening plans. I lound him waiting in the chair by the fire-place. He had put on his full I lomen uniform—eather pants, khiki shirt, smartly polished boots, cap. He was gorgeous and I was horny. I went over to him and knelt before his beloved figure, hoping that maybe I could entice him into a quick suck before the new guy arrived.

Mr. Benson had other ideas. He looked at his watch. I had to supress a sigh of disappointment as he led me to the familiar

hooks in the walls, He put on the ouffs and I found myself spreadcagle against the brick surface.

I didn't have to wait long, the doorbell rang and Mr. Ben-

son, my master, went to answer it

The door opened. Silence. The signals had all been prear-

ranged, I guessed

A man I recognized from pictures plastered all over magazine ads and bil boards walked in wearing jeans and a flannel shirt and work boots. This man, blond, muscular, with piercing blue eyes and a moustache that was more famous than the Schweppes eye patch fell to his knees and kissed my master's boots, silently waiting for instructions.

Everything became much easier for me to take! My master was training one of New York's foremost models to be a slave. And I was going to watch. My crotch started to give its custo-

mary pulsing response

"Stay on your knees and take off the boots and the shirt."

Mr. Benson's voice had that quiet, thorough sound of authority I had become accustomed to but had only heard used on me. The tall blond man struggled with the uncomfortable position and pulled off his boots. His lips — luckily for him — kept moving on the slick surface of my master's leather while he blindly found the buttons of his shirt. He was still there, mouth on Mr. Benson's foot, when the shirt came off and only the tight blue leans covered his body

There was a thick covering of blond chest hair. I wondered if he were going to be able to keep it tonight. Or was Mr. Benson going to shave him? There was a growing lump in his jeans. Was Mr. Benson going to let him relieve that horrible

pressure? What was Mr. Benson going to do?

I was surprised when he pulled a dog leash out of his pocket. I had worn one only the first night I went to the Topmen Club. Mr. Benson reached down and attached it to the kneeling Adonis' neck. He jerked up with the handle, "Up, but only on all fours." The blond complied. Mr. Benson led him over to where I was silently strung up

"Look at this, slave. Here's what a well trained boy does for his master. Are you willing to try to be as good as this

hoy?"

Yes, sir." The blond's voice was low and respectable.

"This is your brother slave. He is a student who has gone the distance you are going to have to go. Does that excite you?"

"Yes, sir." The model could barely mumble the words. I remembered the terrifying feeling of admitting those desires for the first time. And the wonderous release of having been able

to say them

Mr. Benson's hand came to the strap of my jock and pulled it down to reveal the nude skin underneath it. "This is what happens to someone who becomes a slave. He must give up the symbols of his masculinity. Do you know you're beginning the path that will leave you like this? Wanting this?"

The kneeling figure could barely be heard, "Yes, sir."
"Rub your face in this slave's crotch. You are the jumor here. Show him the respect your superior deserves." Mr. Benson's pull on the leash was sharp and the face was suddenly buried in my groin, my now fully hard cock jutting out, desperate for the feel of his mouth. Never expecting the next

words to come from Mr. Benson, "Suck it."

And then, for the first time since I had met Mr. Benson, someone's mouth closed over my hard prick. I fought to keep my orgasm back. Luck y, Mr. Benson meant this only as a ritual. I was relieved when he dragged that warm, moist opening away from me. I looked down at the nameless man, realizing that I had never dreamt of having my cock sucked by anyone that famous or beautiful.

Mr. Benson unded the hooks and I found myself supporting

myseif on stiff legs, "Kneel, boy,"

I got on my knees and was facing the new man. Looking right in to his eyes and recognizing the combination of fear and anticipation that had been mine when I first met this master

"Kiss him, boy." My lips went out and found the firm mouth of the blond, our eyes stayed open, the man didn't know how to respond. I acted blindly to Mr. Benson's commands, just as I had been ordered to.

"That's mighty pretty, boys. The good slave boys kissing one another nice and soft. Getting themselves ready for their

man."

Mr. Benson's talking during sex always gave me clues about





the direction he was heading. And I could sense this one. My jockstrap was stuck down around my knees. I reveled in the strange feeling of the freedom of my prick as it pushed against

the denim fabric of the pants in front of me.

"Stand up." Abruptly we both rose. "Jamie, take off your ockstrap and then remove his pants." There was that tone in Mr. Benson's voice letting me know that he was getting turned on. My jock fell off easily. I reached over and took the unbeited jeans and undid the zipper. I pushed them over his round hips and nearly jumped back with surprise as an enormous, and perfectly shaped circumcized cock leapt out at me. I nearly forgot myself and went down on it. But, I got hold and slid them off his calves, marveling at the softness of the down covering his legs from crotch to ankle. It was a golden coating, never thick enough to be described as "hairy," it ore like a fuzz that mellowed the sharp definition of his legs.

I was swept into the smell from his crotch. Mr. Benson hardly ever wore underpants, and this was another renewed delight — the odor of sweaty balls caught in cotton briefs. I had to bite back my tongue again before it acted on its own

mind.

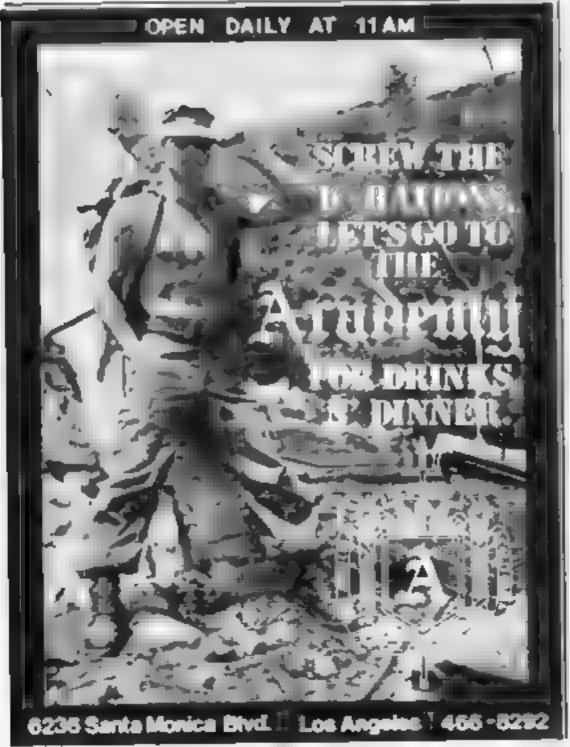
The model stepped out of the pile of clothing I left at his feet. Once again we were staring at one another, if anything,

the intensity of his concern had increased

"You are both my slaves. I expect you to respect that and me. You," he turned to the blond, "are the apprentice. This is an advanced student, I expect you to have respect for his learning. And you," he turned to me, "I expect you to help this initiate, I expect you both to work only for my satisfaction. Do you both understand?"

"Yes, sir," Our answers came in unison,

"Feel his shaved crotch. Take a good feel at the body of a slave," My skin tingled as the warm and unaccustomed hand came up and spread itself over my neglected balls, lifting them up as his palm slid over the smooth skin. I was going through new highs. And a new depth of pride overtook me. I was feeling the emotions of a soldier in an army as a new recruit looks on and sees the completeness of his training. Knowing, that if he can last it out, he too can qualify to wear the uniform,



The blond's eyes were wide with amazement at the strange feeling of a hairless body against his hands. "His ass too." The hand went under my crotch and felt my naked asshole, a finger pressed against the opening. The blond's cock, bigger even than Mr. Benson's, waved in the air before me; the feel of my body, and sight of my surrender as I spread open my legs to allow his entry, obviously affecting him.

"I want to see my boys get along well. On the floor!" The last sentence was a sudden command. We dropped down and automatically lad on our backs. Your heads on each other's cock!" We scurred again and suddenly I was faced with the reality of that enormous prick with big hanging balls covered with that vague yellow fuzz, "Suck," I gobbled the thick piece down, almost immediately gagging on its girth, and on my greed. Again, the shocking sensation of someone else's throat

I was so taken by the reemersion into the smells of the sweaty crotch that I forgot what Mr. Benson might be doing until I felt his hands roughly joining mine behind the guy's waist with a pair of cuffs and a snap. I could hear him repeat the movement with the other man's hands and felt his arms

tighten around me. The leash from his collar was brought down and fastened to my cuffs; something else came around

my wrists and pulled up against my skin.

We were tied in that position! In no more than a minute I was trapped with that man's prick in my throat. What was Mr. Benson up to? I had enough experience with him to know that more was coming, and the quick firey pain across my ass let me know I was right. A belt? A paddle? A strap? He had them all. His legs straddled our joined bodies and from the sounds I knew he was going from my ass to the other slave's forcing each of us to shove our cocks down the back of the other's throat with each blow. The red warmth of my ass spread as the number of whacks mounted up. There were no words, just the muffled groans from each of us as the leather returned time and again to visit our quickly burning flesh.

Tears had formed in my eyes when Mr. Benson finally stopped. The gulps of the blond's throat pressing against my hard cock let me know his own cries were flowing too.

The rough hands of Mr. Benson untied us as quickly as they had bound us to one another. "Don't move." The order kept my mouth on the model's prick and my own shaft down his neck. Mr. Benson walked away from us. The sounds told me he was sitting on his favorite chair.

"Jamie, up on your knees." I gently pulled out of the man's mouth, leaving behind plenty of pre-cum and a desperate need

to shoot. I lifted myself into a sitting position.

"You, on your hands and knees, back to Jamie." The other man was gently trying to get air into his lungs, fighting back the tears. He moved onto all fours and left me with a clear view of the mounds of his ass streaked with red welts and of the hole, sharply pink in contrast to the light yellow of his body and its covering.

"Jamie, your master is going to fuck that slave's asshole. He wants it nice and clean and wet. Get in there, boy, and clean

that ass for your master."

I looked at the brillsant red stripes across the pale complexion. And at the puckered skin in the middle of the crevice between his checks. My hands went up and pushed aside the

mounds, lifting the opening up to meet my mouth.

The taste of the sweat was clean, the hints of the asshole's own sweet flavor led me to push my tongue up and into him, licking the surfaces of the suddenly hairless membrane inside, slurping up soit to lubricate the circle of muscular flesh. My man's going to shove his prick up here!' My cock went hard as steel thinking about the meaty shaft poking into this warm, moist hole. Spit flowed out of my mouth, down the crack and around the ass, dripping off his tight balls now lifting themselves up into his body.

Mr. Benson came around behind me and siapped an encouragement on my backside. "Get it good and wet, Jamie. Think of me while you do it. Think of the pleasure you're

giving me by getting it ready."

I dove further into his body than I would have thought possible, shoving aside the tight ring that dared to guard him from my master's want. I felt Mr. Benson's leather clad leg against my thigh, and then a new touch of warm skin when he took out his cock, hard and pulsing. "Get him ready for me, Jamie, get him good and ready." I felt Mr. Benson pulling on his dick, the foreskin moving up and down the length.

Another slap on my ass! "Move out, Jamie, I'm going to

fuck this asshole,"

I jumped out of the way as Mr. Benson stepped in closer and put the wide head up to the blond's pink muscle. The model tried to pull away. A sharp whack of Mr. Benson's hand on his ass brought him back to reality. "Stay up on your knees or I'll tie you up."

The thickly muscled legs moved back to meet Mr. Benson. I watched the beautiful tension on the arms as they pressed against the floor, holding up not only his own weight and my master's as well. I could see sweat collecting on his biceps as they bulged out from the strain, I watched the stomach muscles contract as they attempted to keep from faltering.

Unthinkingly, I moved over and ran my tongue to slop up the sweat, the salt taste making me want more. I kept at it with long, slow strokes. The model moaned in appreciation as I lapped up his fluid. I kept celebrating as the ridge of developed muscles hardened. "That's a good boy, lamie, make him feel good. Make him glad he's got my prick inside him." Mr. Benson was gasping from the savage fucking he was giving the man. His whole body was slamming into the open, exposed figure before him, making him use every one of the strained muscles to defend himself against the onslaught.

"Get his prick!"

I went down on the floor on my back and slid beneath the grunting bodies as the walloping continued above me. The blond's cock was hard! The enormous stick swung in the air over me, I strained to lift my neck up to greet it. I drew it in,

timing myself to meet one of Mr. Benson's thrusts.

"Josus Christ!" The model exclaimed as the wide prickhead disappeared into my throat, shoving itself with a desperate need for release. The moans started to increase, the thrusts came more quickly I could see the blond pushing harder back to meet Mr. Benson's pelvis as it slammed forward into him.

"Jesus Christ! Christ Jesus!" The man was screaming. Mr. Benson started to give the signaling shouts of impending joy, and there it was! A thick, gooey spurt of cum flowing down my throat. And another! Too much! It came out the side of my mouth and down my chin, no matter how quickly I tired to swallow, it flowed over my lips and onto my chest.

They stayed arched over me for minutes. The huge dick in my mouth barely had begun to deflate when Mr. Benson pulled out, his own wonderful cock suddenly popping into my view, coming down to press against the blond fuzzed balls in front of me, almost abie to join the tool in my mouth

Mr Benson stood, "Get up."

The remark was meant for me. I came out from under the body of the model and stood beside him facing Mr. Benson. "Jamie, how'd you like a piece of this nice ripe ass?" I couldn't understand the question. "Do you want to fuck him?"

I looked down at the body straddling the floor. This man was one of the most desired males in New York City. He had the kind of body that existed only in ads for gyms. He stayed on his hands and knees with his head dangling submissively

"Yes, sir."

My answer was almost a whisper. "It's all nice and greased with my cum, boy, go ahead in." Mr. Benson sat on the couch on the other side of the blond's waiting body. My prick strained with its own weight as I went behind him and once again studied the beautiful ass. It was standing right up in the air, his legs had been spread apart by Mr. Benson's hammering, the balls, now relaxed after his orgasm, swung low away from his body with that fine blond hair covering. The red marks on his mounds still stood out in stark contrast to the pale skin.

I took my hard shaft and poked at his hole, he moaned slightly, was it from pain or anticipation? I hadn't fucked anyone for months. It's hardly my forte. But, here it was, the chance to stick it into one of America's most beautiful men. The opening was wet, and I slid past the barely resisting ring of muscle. A loud gasp of air came from both of us. And I started pumping at the incredible warmth of his body, grabbing hold of the firm waist, watching the sharp triangles of muscle on his sides.

"That's right, boy, fuck that slave's ass," Mr. Benson's hand came out and whacked an encouragement on my cheeks

"Slam it in,"

My pumping became harder, my thrusts came more quickly, the thought of the man's cum dripping out of my mouth while I watched Mr. Benson's prick grinding into him burst out

into my own orgasm quickly and violently. I shot my load deep inside his gorgeous ass, growling in victory, and receiving another hard whack from Mr. Benson.

I stayed inside him quietly. Amazed at myself for getting so hot over fucking someone and waiting for Mr. Benson to give a new order, I looked over at him, he was clothed in his uniform, the strong arms were crossed over his chest. Mr. Benson

looked very pleased.

"Okay, Jamie, pull out of him and go shower. I want to talk to this slavement alone," My cock popped out of him, I jumped up and went into the shower room and quickly got under the warm and full flow of water. I felt foolish for my misgivings, however breif, of having a second Isave in the house. Now, it all seemed hot and wonderful and I wondered when it could happen again. I liked the idea of someone else listening to Mr. Benson talk about me: his number one slave—it was an affirmation I appreciated receiving.

I remember that under that shower, I was as happy to be

Mr. Benson's Isave as I ever would be

When I returned to the living room, the blond was on his hands and knees for a dressed this time kissing Mr. Benson's feet. I must have missed the final command, because he got up and left without a word.

Mr. Benson and I stood at opposite ends of the room as the man put on a sheepskin jacket over his flannel shirt — it was a quick vision of a cigarette ad when the whole outfit was on —

and then he left.

Hooked over to Mr. Benson, "Come here, boy "

I went over to him and followed the order in his eye to drop to my knees He reached over and took the back of my neck, pulling my face into his crotch, rubbing it against the leather covered bulge.

"You're a good boy, Jam e You're earning very quick y I

like that, We'll have to find a way to reward you soon."

I put my arms around my master's legs and embraced him, thinking then that I needed no greater reward than that — to be with him

I had no way of knowing what Mr. Benson had planned for

mic

- To be continued

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Male Hide LEATHERS





ASTROLOGIC

SADITARIUS 8: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Your creative ability brings much pleasure to others. Now, quick, make a fiet and put a little pleasure up someone's ass.

SACITTAMUS N: Remember, pleasure is pain and pain is pleasure. If you can't remember that, have some eager Segittarian S take pained pleasure in reminding you.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Anyone for Winter Sports? That's like water sports except you make your slave lie down in a snow drift and piss ice cubes into his Perrier.

CAPRICORN M: Just imagine how painful it is to piss aguare ice cubes out of a round pecker-hole! Just the thought of it turns your blood to kool-aide, doesn't it?

AQUARUS & (Jan. 21-Feb. 78) All kind, sensitive Aqueriens love animals. However, it's best you not let the local lawmen catch you loving them.

AGUARUS N: It's a good thing Aquerien S's like animals 'cause you're a real pig in desperate need of training. Dog collar, leash and cattle produce the order of the day.

maces a: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) The sign of the fish—And for effect, how about a fish hook through your slave's nipples?

PIECES M: Want to get hooked on a feeling? Find a cold storage unit and heng your ass on a meet rack now, how does that feel?

Arees a (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Stubborn, smelly, old goets such as you should consider a business venture, such as selling your smelly, old underwear to connoisseur masochists.

AMES N: You're not a connoisseur; you're more like a common sewer!

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-Mey 20) Those born under this cow sign often make:

the best bull-headed sadiets. They also make the best bullship

TAUNUS III: And speaking of bullehit, wouldn't you like to find a big, mean farm boy who could make you roll naked through his pasture; tilt you were costed like a giant Taurean turd?

Officers and give yourself a "cauliflower ear."

cancer s: (June 21-July 22) How can a home-body Moon Child such as yourself combine domesticity with B&D? Try tying your home-maker slave to a hot stove.

CANCER IE: Do you get a special thrill just hanging around the house all aday? By your testicles?

Les s: (July 23-Aug. 22) is your roor worse then your bite? Just remember that hot were maken no moise (though your mesochistic)

LEO M: Don't you just love the delightful smalls of late autumn the the odor of uncut cock mixed with sweety leather on a chilly after.

VIRGO 5: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) There's now frost on the pumpkin, so be careful about butt-fucking cold bottoms. Frozen hemmorhoids are the icycles of the asshole.

wingo is: This winter may be so cold you'll have to put your dildoes and chains in the refrigerator just to warm them up enough for use. I want a: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Are you into giving orders and military family have been a slice of Apocalypse Now.

LIBRAIN: His Master's Voice: The sound of dirty talk and barking orders.

The sound of dirty talk and barking orders.

acommos: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) End the year by shaving your slaves public regions and dusting them severely with a good flea powder the itch you save may be your own:

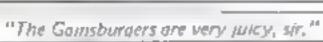
aconno is: Should olde acqueintance be forgot and never brought to mine? In your case, yes.

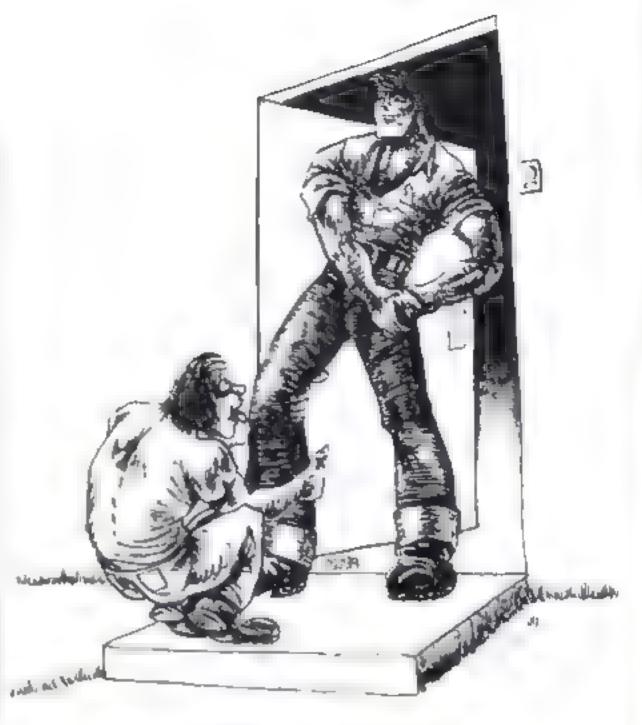
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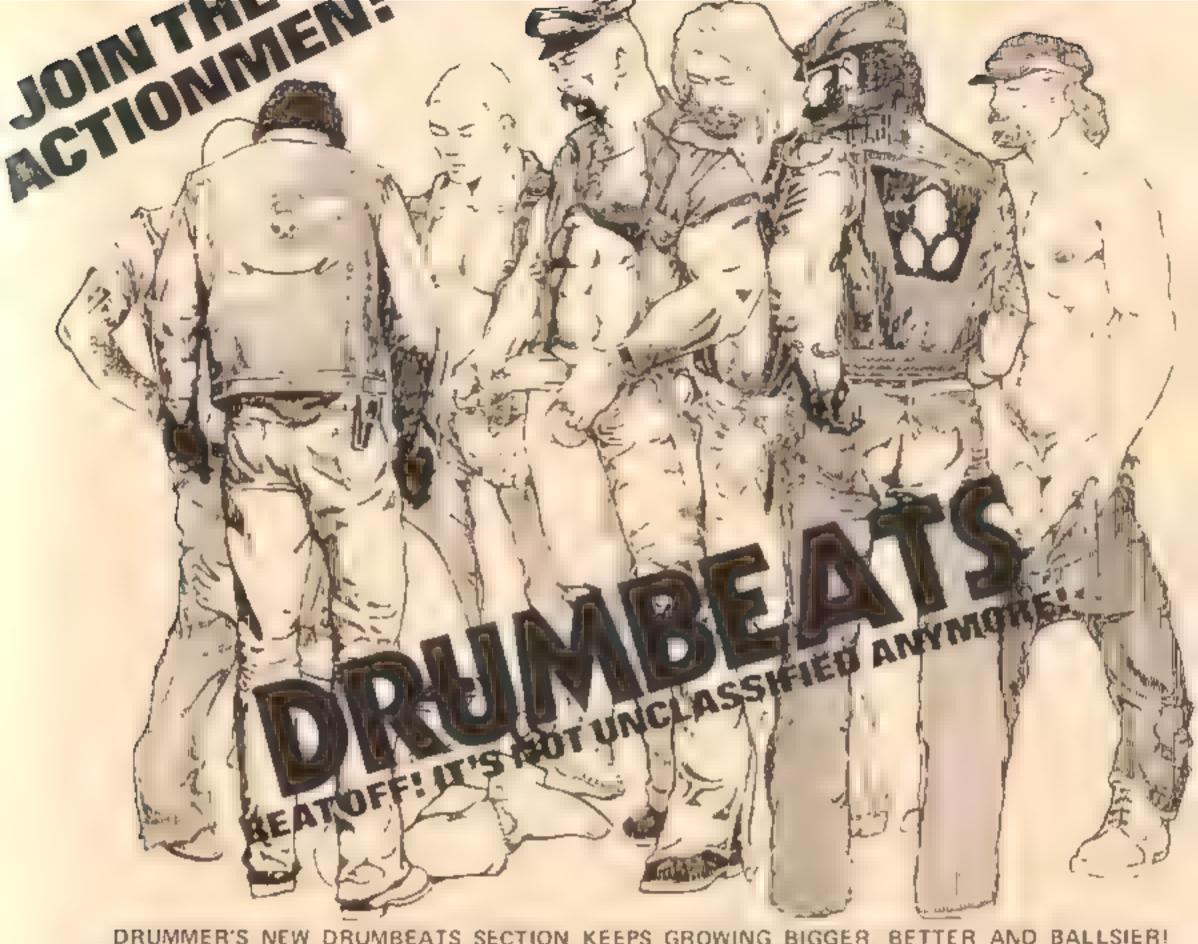


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DALABAMAT

HANDSOME, funloying, levi/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, wishes to share fantasies with mascurine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Dig motorcycle oders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, harses. Mustache, beard a turn on Seaking permanent friendships, No. fams, fats, drugs. Box 45? A.

#EARIZONA

LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER Wanted by S. S 2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6%" and huge built balls. Slave/son/ lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sax in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fats, fems, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revening photo w/descriptive back ground. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenia No photo, no reply Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., B'4" uncut, if you are white, maicutine, not overweight, interested in shaving your crotch, pouring pits down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you t demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available Box 3088

GALIFORNIA:

WHERE IS MY DRUMMER?

A big, hard-ass slave for beiting, riding, training, wanted by Black S. 30, 5'10", 165 lbs., 7", very hot. Seek muscular, chunky slave, solid with big thighs, big arms, and big ass, Lots of ass work, FF, belting, ball torture, collar, pumping fron, that oil, affection, total belonging Photo a must. Box 343, ICA)

Master with slave into all scienes, fooking for some to share good times. etc, Call B II (213) 661 3892. Also need second live-in slave, all areas Bill B., 4110 Fountein Ave., No. 4, L.A., CA 90029

SAN JOSE AREA, 32, 6', 190 lbs., 8", strong, masculina, moustache, clean-cut, wants contact with heavychested men over 6', over 200 lbs. over 30 years old, into domination, humiliation, nipple action, verbal abuse, plo, fantasy, body worship, masculine affection. Write Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 47, 5'8", 150 lbs., dig whipping acenes, enjoy giving it to guys who are really into it. Beginners ok, if really interested, safe, controlled, will trade-off with right guy Box 344

LOS ANGELES, 45, 5'9", 165 lbs., 8%" uncut, hairy, into light S&M B&D, jocks, leather, FF (top), into under 45, almost any scape, will answer with phone and photo, Box

SOUTHERN CALIF TRUCKER 38, 175 lbs., 6'2", requires the full time services of a young truck slave with serious desire to serve and learn trucking business. Only serious need reply, Box 353.

HOT ATHLETIC MASTER Levi/leather man, 25, 5110", 155 ibs., 7", seeks hot, wild-assed young white slave in need of total domination and discipline by a hot young Master who will make you worship bag, and grovel at his feet. Fats and fems, fuck off, Photo and phone to Baz 130Y

SPANKING MASTER White male, 36, 5'6", 122 lbs., very Gr active, needs dim, smooth, Gr paptive slave into spanking, bondage Box 69994, Los Aneles, CA 90069.

LONG BEACH, 30, 8'3", 185 lbk. novice m seeks a man to show me the ropes. Have always been turned on by bot, masterful men but was afraid to try until now. Experienced only, please, Write Box 3642, Long Beach, CA 90803

CRUEL SAN DIEGO TOPMAN 29, blande, hat, hung and mean, goodlooking. I am no respecter of limits, desira serious pain slaves only, interested and expensenced in all scenes. Send descriptive letter and photo detailing your heaviest scene to date land heaviest unrealized fantasy). I can top it. Have group of buddles available. Write now! Mr. B., Box 8262, San Diego, CA 92102

BIG DICKED SADIST

Streight, rugged, tettooed, ex-Nevy dude; 5'8", 175 lbs., 29" west, 44" chest, 17" arms, with 9" of thick, hot meet for some masculine, goodlocking cocksuckers' seger throat and ass. If you need a big dicked sadist to service and weekends are open, then drop a line with photoand details to Box 358.

SAN DIEGO MOUNTAINS White, 39, 5 8", 170 lbs., masculine. hairy chest, beard, into horses, the land, running, masculine men who share my distaste for bers, gemes and typical gay head trips, Lee, Sherilton Valley Rd., Descarso, CA 92016.

HOLLYWOOD LEATHER S, Capricorn/Aries, 38, 6 10", 165 bs., prefers masculine, mulcular stave. B&D, obedience, wild sex Permanent or occasional relationship Send photo, Box 374.

HOT L.A. STUD BOTTOM W/m, 32 6', good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache (a plus but not necessary). Into getting my hot assfucked, eating your ass, WS and mutually entisfying trees. Could expand limits over period of time with right top. Photo, Sox 377.

HOT LOOKING

Tail and muscular with under 30 seeks same only for various sexual, artifetic and cultural pursu is. Photo Eox 379

HAYWARD, S. muscular, 28, 5'11". 160 tos, 8'4" cut; looking for together, well-built bottoms with agerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners, Box 402

SAN FRANCISCO, M. 31, 61 175 lbs., 6", handsome, hot, inteligent, built, ethletic, seeks same in an S, 25-40. Into most scenes, Wants pertner rough, strong, dominant in bad, kind and intelligent elsewhere. No fems, fats, fools, heavy drugs, brutality Call (415) 647-6778 West Coast time is best, 8: 10 pm. Ask for Joe. And keep trying, I'm worth it.

SIT ON MY FACE

51m w/m, 23, goodlooking, loves to out ass. Also into other scenes, if a hat tangue turns you on, write-George, Box 4297, San Francisco, CA 94101

Wim, 39, 5'11", 165 lbs., hot, sexy, hairy, bearded, masculine animal with hot slave mouth and ass awaits orders, Sir. No Florida calls, will be in California and of 179 Robert, 2815 S. Miemi Ave., Miemi, FL 33129 (305) 858-4965

MONTEREY AREA, 46, w/m, seeks herry, macho w/m, 30-60, who is clean and sone for man-to-man retations, Box 60

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottorn for rkm/scat. Beerd or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions, Horst (415) 821-7762 10pm to midnight, Answering machine other times Wester Box 101SF

UNCUT OR SHAVED?

Hot and uninhibited young dude, 29 uncut, 7", digs shaved crotches, excessive foreskin, private faltoos. heavy dildoe action, post-filled rubbers, WS, and exhibitionists, Cor respond with anypiece, get together in the Bay Ares, Photos exchanged with collectors of similar interests. Am 6', 150 lbs., not yet shaved Box 292

SAN FRANCISCO SM Eurasian, 41, 5'8", 150 tbs, 5", muscular, into heavy tit and ass action, FF, WS, etc. Versetile, imaginative; wekt muscular studi, 30-45, who dig getting as much as giving. No permsnent demage. Box 312

SHAVED CROTCHES IN L.A. Gute guy, 22, 11%", seeks other guys into shaved pubes. Your picture gets mine. Box 328

HOLLYWOOD BLOND 32, 510", 148 lbs., considered hot LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40 5'10" looking. Seeking lean, butch, imaginarive tops up to 45 to torture, pierce and humiliate my "little boy" dick No fats, emeteurs or curiouty seekers, Photo exchanged and/or returned Box 340

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8". 135 lbs., 8" cut. Novice with Intelligence, adaptibility, perception, Intoa variety of scenes looking for paraners, white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fan heavy drinking heavy pain, scal or inexpensence, 80x 163.

WHITE MASTER

23, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious sleve with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a claver, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Bax 130Y

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7". 5.10" Previous experience as an S. but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and taller, hung over 6", dressed in full leather, Box 136H

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 190 lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes, Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits, Not Into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced, Box 318V2

SAN DIEGO, SM, 39, 6 3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well-equipped game room. for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, cleen, in leather or levis Box 667F

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10', 176 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable experienced, discrept, masculine goodlooking dude, well-equipped with toys, seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be cleanshaven, clean-cut. Box 52G

MY SCENE OR YOURS S&M fantalies realized with attractive, muscular dude Into levis, boots,

leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why Photo please, Box 115.

LONG BEACH AREA unduts wanted by blonds/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510 Rick (213) 434-6554

FRAZIER PARK, M. Taurus, 40. 5'11", 155 lbs., white, 7%", novice, hot, handsome, mesculine bottom poeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into ass play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own take, Box 865

Mature, masculina w/m, 47, 6'3". 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size, 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowbays reply to P.K., Box 905, Dakview, CA 93022

155 lbs., white 6 knowledgeable. attractive, imagine ive stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fems, fats. Love sex. Box 133

LA FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, digarsmaking, foul mouthed dirt dude with eark ampits, shirtly asshold and a cruddy uncut cock weers greaty, rotten stinking boots, sticks jocks, tishurts revis and leather. Digs spirlasy toys to make tole playing ting shifting pukeing sweating and enjoyable and exciting No drugs, failing. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete mud tooks, rubbers and oil Box 294VB.

LA / VALLEY

Ms, 25, 5.8", 150 lbs., harry, goodlooking, teeks some into leather, fulfilling fontaires, to expand and learn together Cigars, spanking, bondage, fucking are turn-ons. No heavy S&M. or scat. Box 334.

SM, 35, 5 81, 165 lbs., semi-muscu lar, 6%" cut, looking for masculine aggressive men, 25.45 5'8" or taker. under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things Box 256

SLAVE

Am obedient, respectful, semi-muscuiar, hairless body, 6" cut; into serving my master and his desires with my complete attention Will learn new things, will strive to please Bax 35

LOS ANGELES, M, 63 5'8", 173 los, Gemini, 6" cut, well used set, ore the small and teste of leather, desires to be controlled by a dominont Master. I am a novice with a lot. to learn. Box 67,

LOS ANGELES, MS. Leo, 28, 5'11". 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, nonsmaker/drinker, knowledgeable, I ama full time biker/leather man who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculing leather topman, under 45, to fulfill my doures to learn, serve, respect and love a men who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, lats, or fems. Photo please, Sir Cal, Box 85113, LA., CA 90028

VENICE, M, 22, 8', 130 lbs., 6%" cut, seeks Master, 21-35, to treet me to do his bidding. Am novice but willing, need mester with petience.

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, giveand take, Box 286.

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5.8", 165 lbs., is where I am. Please, Master, I need semi-muscular, short hair, return a the States in April '80 Looking for and provide masculate 25.41 with SAN FRANCISCO SM 36 5.11 will names to try new things his 175 tos European actor New er tems fats Box 756

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 5'8". 150 by museum ha less cut socks any years symilar, turn on to muscles, rounded ass, solid pecs, FF, WS, titwork, whipping, into either role, can over and take. No fats, scat, heavy drugs, fifth or permanent damwee. Box 312

KINKY FILTHY HOT

'th 5.7 130 bs wire cooking for hat, totally uninhibited guys who rsilly mutual play. Am milistly Master, but can switch with right person. or play both simultaneously, Into S&M. B/O. W/5, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and Jock straps, buildoor scenar, exhibitionist. Active ences, Box 162

GLENDALE, SM, 5'11", 152 lbs., capped Box 208 8" uncut, Chingse/Polish, medium/ body ador stupidity, Box 65.

TWO MUSCULAR FARMERS

Into group action with C&B, tit torrure, piercing, catheters, enemas heavy S&M, FF, with own isolated work room. Letter and photo gets ours. Can travel. Box 262 Like Oak

LONG BEACH LAGUNA Brone available to all sadistic stat ions. Heavy inding, full body service torture. Animal, 32, 5'11", 29" waist, 7", hairy chest, hot ass and ready Sir Action only Box 412

LONG SEACH ARE A undust wanted by blonds/blue-eved 25-year-old, 150 bs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m, Dig hot, sweary man act in any ace word beer sunchly choics Hot outs under 30 k Box 4358 Torrance CA 90510

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 8171, 125 lbs., tem-muscular build, harry, prout, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build into training a willing povice. Mutual respect important. Looking for varied experiences, Box 16.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., goodlooking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into hight S&M. bondage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, w/s, autdoor scenes, uniforms, Whotever else you desire, but no heavy pairs or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or musteche, but not necessarily, Box 127

OROVILLE, M. Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6', knowledgeable. Needs leather Mester for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation, I must same my Master in leather and boots, I am considered goodlooking, mesculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master Fantasies mixed with a little reslity you bad Box B1E

nto kindness and oto genor, If you can handle that, I'm your type of man and you are mine The rem will come by itself. Sex could be heavy or mild, but you must have the same degres to enjoy the good thing in life giving our selves to each other. No fems, or under 30 Box 167

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7' 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, mascutine completely uninhibited raunchy dute can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist en lys bizzare with out hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, 8&O, S&M, 8px 162

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1' F.F., to give, receive or both, Spank- 165 lbs., white, 8", novice, willing ings, whippings, boots, some rubber, and eager to learn complete submis-Ready to explore any other experi- sion, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutiliation, physical handi-

muscular build, into total anal sensur LOS ANGELES, M. Virgo, 49, ality. Looking for men in shape. 8" 5"10", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowlor bigger, with small hands. No pain, edgeable, imaginarive and obedient. Box 182.

S F ASS EATER

Hot male eats rips assholes, Sit on my face, you fucker Box 316

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo curp, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing organis, which I wish to there in either role (prefer dominant) Must have boat (live on island). Seek AIC riders for summer runs No body odor, bad teeth or soft belies, 8ox 318V

LOS ANGELES, S. 45 56". 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud. 7" cut, looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55 white. Not interested in fuciena anything I wouldn't walk down the street with Box 667C

WOODLAND HILLS, M. Prices, 40, 5 10", white, 165 lbs., 8", emptys cock and ball action, cathers cathe ters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master, 3-ways, Box 132M

VENTURA, SM, 45, 63", 225 lbs German, 7', seeks well-built men over 35, over 6' tall, in levis or leather, dominant or passive. Am verse tile and willing to learn. Box 170

REPORT TO COMMANDANT **US*ALL STOCKADE**

Arvan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions in w/s, S&M, B&O, VA, humolation, beating leaucasians only) under Military SS/USMC disciplinary principles and total arrogance. This is serious and as real as fentary allows Applications requested for assistance as Guard Onli Instruetor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated pureshment facility. Work outs only in prison uniforms or work garb. US'ALL, Dept. D. Box 972 Mountain View CA 94042

ORAL SLAVE

Fremont, 38, 6 3", black, 190 lbs. 7" uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates WS, dirty talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse asshole licking. Looking for white Catin or Apan into heving a tall slave. Should be 18-45, musculine leether/levi. Box 493F

COLORADO

LEATHER TRAINING

By pider, experienced leathermen to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in basis. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathernex goals! (303) 322 2713 Instructor ero Mountain Men, Box 8887 Denver, CO 80218

Will wrote to all goodlooking, wellbuilt guys wearing leather pants, sackets, high-top boots. Ed Moyer Box 66, Silverton, CO 81433, Include photo

CONNECTICUT

GREENWICH, S. 5'11", 160 lbs., Cancer, Leether master seeks mascufine slaves who need B&D, S&M, WS, and tit work. Heavy leather scene, but respect limits. Macho sexpartners must know how to serve an Gr and Fr action, Box 51E

FRIENDLY FILTH - NO PAIN

Very goodlooking, tall, skim, middle class, outsired Black guy wants white top man who wants a personal toilet. pig, friend, lover for unbelievable fith trips Watch me eat the rich brown stuffing from your white meat tuckey ass. I'm 30, Gr passive. You must be tall, very goodinaking, moustached and under 35 Box 824 Hartford, CT

GEMINI, 31, 5'11", 136 lbs. tom beard, aggressive, sexually dominant would like to meet guys 26-40, sixti to average builds, into light S&M, B&D, levis, boots, heavy Gr and Fr action. Regies from small guys especially welcome. Box 355

MYSTIC, S. Aries, 50's, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand, Experenced top man will train uninhibited, honest partner to 50 No drugs, phonies, duliards, fats, fems, Box

\$, 30, 5.11", 180 lbs., husky, harry, 6" out, masculine, firm, seeks cleancut slave. 18: 35, white, slim or muscurar, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey Box 757

BDIST, OF COLUMBIA

TALL, SLIM LEATHERMAN 42, 6'1", white, uncut, accepting apprications from slaves to eat cock balis, ass, etc. Your intelligent Maslet knows how to appreciate a butch. hot-mouthed dave. Sox 354

WASHINGTON, SM, \$20., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10", knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them. with mature, uninhibited portners. 45-50 No fems, fats, long heir or body odor Box 84D

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5'84", 168 fbs., white, 6". Reinhes being subservient to decent, goodtooking Master who is sincere and reas a sense of humor, Prefer cut, under 36, no beards, red heeds, or harry bodies. Box 7275

FLORIDA#

M AMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", mesculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddles into police and military scenes. Only butch stude with boot of uniform letish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discret on assured. Uniformed photo with phone number Box 201F LW

MIAME Goodlooking, hot Lating, mascurine, 23, 5'10", 145 lbs., Isan body; is looking to meet men who are Griactive and into long sessions WS, light to medium S&M, B&D Photo with letters returned Box 54-6069 Miam Beach, FL 33154

M, 5'10', 156 lbs, 50, 8' cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 harry, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., Into layes, leather, unforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59

WANT TH FISTY HUNK MEN

For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, [/o with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 6 10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, Stude can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink and worship Mami, 80x 47

HAIRY MACHO MEN

of you're into lunky, hol, sweety sex and are harry, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell the what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can recieve. Auso specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr Right Box 59

FT LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'75"
160 lbs., 7' cut, big balts and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be slave No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate, 80x 258

COCOA BEACH, \$ Capricorn, 59 5'6", 156 ths., white knowledgeable, open-minded, willing to please. Box 360

MIALEAR, SM Piscer, 32, 5.8
165 lbs., white, 6', knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far or partner's experience permits, Partner should be well-built, over 28 not in Milmi or Ft. Laurlerdale, No fems, fair, long hairs. Box 9

AKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36 61", 175 lbs., white 8", old hand, can endure much in either role and wants no-horiense partner who anows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, 5, 38, 5 7", 140 lbs., crewous, construction worker, into feather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky acones. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, cock hungry, prist thirsty dudes. Limited trevel ok Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315

∉GEORGIA#

Hot to learn sensual S&M W/m, 29 5 11", 155 lbs., wents clean, good-looking, experienced guy into light S&M, bandage fucking, FF and wresting, H. Robertson, 98 Peachtree PI, Warner Robins, GA 31093

HAWAII

HONOLULU, 5M, 42 6 4", stender, a heary, 6" out, big balls, Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18–35 white, hung, clean, No fats, freaks, scat Box 254

IDAKO

8OISE, SM, 44, 6', 158 lbs., uncer 7'', into spreadcag e suspension, submission, seeks lops or bottoms with 19ht or no body hair, stim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy 80x 52F8

TRAVELING DOMINANT

S. 36, 5'11", 200 br., husky, 7' cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trust worthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am almays horny, No fats fems, WS, drugs of heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation are but dies. Box 18.

TELLINOIS:

SLAVE WANTED

Master looking for slave who will take eare of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved, must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must tike to jog, swim and bike, Under 35 and under 6' Will help relocate, Send photo with letter Box 314

CRYSTAL LAKE, Sagitterius, 30, 198 lbs., 5 10", 1/2 Oriental-1/2 Caucasian, Seeks companionship and friendship. I'm inexperienced, but willing to learn, A masculine stom ach rea by nume me on. No fats or tems 80x 341

WANTED SLAVE

No week-ends, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude Age unimportant. Into all scenes except seat. Call collect (312) 743.4505 giving operator your name as Slavey, or write Box 665F.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29 611", 200 lbs., muscular 5, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to get service, and knows how to get service, and knows how to pun it lure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21—35 obedient, and know his place No fets. Box 181P

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5 107, 140 lbs., 7%" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try any thing with the right person. Has intente desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into wis who wants a man-to-man relationship with worm affectionate partner, Should be well-built with body hair. Box 150

CHICAGO, M. 6'3", 175 lbs., 23 8" cur, semi-muscular, goodlooking brown hair eyes, seeks muscular short haired, white Masters over 6" over 8" in feather, levit. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obed ence. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 3098

CHICAGO, Wirm, J1, 5'9", 150 lbs. seeks shim Black master to 35, willing to teach me to serve in all things. Am into B&D, spanking, WS, and total oral service. A G , Box 6348 Chicago, IL 60680

BOAN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23 5'8'', 156 fbs., slender but muscular build, Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6', well-endowed, rhistoriar rugged y good ooking, hairy-chested if possible with a hism a ways extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Roy 58

CHICAGO, M., Aries, 29, 510' 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 1867

EVANSTON, S. Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white 6", knowledgeable turned on by high heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, No fats, fems, hard drugs 6ox 17R25

CHICAGO, M. 23, 6'3", 180 lbs 8" cut, athletic, lean, muscular, handsome, into B&D, 5&M, fevis leather, heavy Gr and Fr action needs rugged Master who wants me spreadeagle so he can use me any way he wants, Expand my familis Box 3099.

BODYBUILDER

S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving silver for admiration and sexual fulfilt ment. Rewards for good service Am 6' 180 lbs. located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL) Box 150kt

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24 6", 180 lbs.
65" cut into B&O, heavy S&M William anything at least once, but busic interest is in bondage and pain.
Turns on to blacks, heavy man, 21-40 no fats. 80x 73

INDIANAPOLIS, \$ 48, 6'3", 195
obt. 6's" oncut, seeks willing, objectstender, under 35, preferrably uncut
Am understanding but forceful, 80x
1800

KENTUCKY

BEST BET BI

46 year old w/m, topman, bit has 18 year old mostly straight commate, also topman, both very strict street wise. Hill elegatings for slaves. No neuron with the bits of terms 81x 260.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS newcomer wants to meet tops who are into lists, WS, toys and gomes. I'm bottom, 36 well hung and submissive. Mark (504) 891 2986

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 51, 215 lbs., white, 71, novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partners fikes/disikes. Seeks similar into role switching. No fems, drunks. Box 1302

MONROE 33, white, 6', 175 the, seeks wirm, 26-40 Am primarily minto father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume 5 role for proper m. Box 332

LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS

MARYLAND,

WEEKEND SLAVE

Couple (S 32, 160 lbs., 5 F1" and M 32, 150 lbs., 6") need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite B&D, 5&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147

■MASSACHUSETT\$

CAPE COD. Jeep freak into armadillos, long necks and catipuses. Like mile runs on sandy beaches, hot sun, cool surf. Golden Eagle, RFD 1, Box 87, E. Wareham, MA 02538

BOSTON M, inexperienced, 5.10 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, expecially no tems, Box 192

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5 10", 165 lbs., white, 6%", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

FARMINGTON, S. Virgo, 33, 5 6 135 bs., white, 8%", knowledgeable firm Master demands obed ent, ax perimental slave. No baids, fats, dominants, 80x 520

ANN ARBOR SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 46, who is sensual as well as horney, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levi/ name: No pain to fats o emotions to see 5. Bit 704

I know you're out there! Cops, military, bikers and other leather types. If you like bondage in geer, I'm your man. Absolute discretion and confidence assured Age, location unapportant. Can play either role Eager to capture you or be bound by you, but have to hear from you lirst!

Let's hear from you' Box 378

MAINE

SLAVE OR MASTER

W/mare, 43, 611", 165 lbs., into bondage, cock/ball ut torture. Sox 356

MISSOUR

ST LOUIS, SM, 43, 61, 160 lbs., 71 undut, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for masculine dudes, 21: 46, prefer hairy chest and undut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, book worship. Box 64

KANSAS CITY, M, V rgo, 23, 64", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/alfection from dominant Master. Dig muscles, big hands, boots, Must be sincere, secure, experienced, Box 667D

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you isting strict monastic obedience, humination, discipling, penitence, poverty abor, silence, croister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved if you pass the novitieta you will be professed. Usque Ad Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363

ST. LOUIS, S. Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 tbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience, will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245

NEBRASKA

OMAHA, S. 37, 5'11", 175 fbs., entering scene. Looking for cleancut white M to 30, goodlooking, muscular, amouth body, mesculine, and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be terms. Personal character important, No drugs, fats, terms or dirty need apply. Box 231

NEVADA

NUDE BOXING

seeks mecha men, 25-60. Big gloves necessary. Photo, facts, forcasies 8ax 322

NEW JERSEY

BELLEVILLE, 55, 5 10", 160 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, dominant S looking for ess-easers, hot mouthed bottoms. No dope, drunks, fems. Box 403

ATLANTIC CITY, bearded Taurus, stalian man, 29, 5'9", 140 lbs., 8" cut, speks sincere men, my height or tailer, with aggressive needs, who anjoy spending time with hot minded human being that has no hangups about pleasing you, Don't smoke or drink. Likes honest conversation and real times. Reply with photo and phone, will do the same No fats or fees, Tom, No 3E, 3 S lows Ave., Atlantic City, NJ 08401

HIGHSTOWN, M. 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., 7" cut. Blond hunk teeks being controlled. Prefer Mester in totaleather Sceks buich looking, cut, dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well, Box 201N.

LERSEY CITY, M. Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs., white, 6%'', novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage and spanking while spreadeogle. Ready for more. Need rugged Matter who wants me in that poution so he can use me and let his friends use me, too, 1 d serve as third to a Master and his slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ

NJ/NYC, W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs., 6%", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role, lato jocks, tays, oil jro, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide Photos returned and appreciated, Box 21

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 611", 154 lbs., 7%" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No tats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger looking than about 40 Prefer white, no facial hair Box 15.

NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38 6 21, 185 lbs., harry, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master, yet quiet, straight acting and appearing mets playe, 25-35, for permanent live in relationship. Muscular body a plus Writing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff No drugs, fats, fams or phonies. Son

NEW YORK

MYTRP

is into hipples, ass on my face, bell torture and FF. Am 38, 5'11", 155 ibs., medium, blond, mustached European with big hipples on tanned body with hairy legs and arms. Looking for a man who looks for men to trip with one another If you are dark and hairy, good, but not a must 80x 342.

NEW YORK CITY/LONG ISLAND, M, 43, 5'10", white, hairy, bearded, 160 lbs., 6" out, steks S for discipline and obedience training. Overall good service. Dig tattoos, police types, USMC. Groove on uniforms. Into pubic shaving. Not yet FF but willing by right officer, and have must expended Mos have own place Blacks Latins Orien as we come Blacks Latins Orien as we come Blacks Latins Orien as well as New Y's NY 10017

ATTRACTIVE TALL MALE
Stender, 33, masculine; seeks big,
thick cocks, 9° or more, for oral
and j/o ection in NYC ares. No pain
or anal. Photo and phone preferred.
State measurements when replying.
Box A-51, New York, NY 10019

Ny NYC ive athif it disciplinar an 34, good build, 5'7" in a spacking other guys when needed. Firm hand. No fats, fems, drugs. Box 368

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 80, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on by my type. Box 290X

Wire sinve 35 Capricorn into heavy, prolonged leather bundage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for logether guy who is also affectionate. Into lotal bondage life-style Am 5 10°, 155 lbs. Box 107

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", siender, good body, 6", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am dovice in both stances. Box 452A VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, meks red slave. You will live in full mind of pline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important Write grovelling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'B", Aries. Taurus cusp into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tartoos and S&M interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 285. Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER

wants young, clean-cut, good body jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions. Pay for photos possible. Send age, photo to Box 574 R. Downstam, 166 West 21st St. New York NY 10011

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs., handsome muscular matculine frish English man, novice to S&M, can edapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantesy, changeable adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 5'10", and not fat 80x 452A.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS

or your pad, which ever you prefer 37, 6.2", 160 lbs., 5.4" cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, rug ged studs who like to be worshiped in their leathers. Flicks, boozs, poppers, jocks, dirty talk and the aroma of leather turns me on 1 want to sure a local also at a side enem in farth ties and kinky scenes from big cocked masters. No fats or fems the try most anything once. My tender white any awaits your pleasure. Yell answer all Box 95

THA NING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium boild, 6" cut, novice M seeks under standing Master to bring out ability to serve Willing, obedient. Not into seat or public humiliation. Hope for tall white man over 20. Box 80.

NYC Uniform man, MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8'', hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people. Raply with photo and phone. Box 6876

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W/m, 6 J", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shapped hts that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titled guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine Heavy titled torso friend available for threesomes. Box 4518

NOTICE

Because of the difficulty involved with verifying home phone numbers, Drummer will no longer accept personal ads with phone numbers,

LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS! NEW YORK, M. Sag., needs training. Am 36, 155 lbs. white, 8" uncut J. Campbell, Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 tos., 6's hot, goodlooking mascular bearded muscular guy, warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and assi with your cock, hand and piss clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Sex 405£

MS, 38, 510", 150 lbs., 6%" cut, into and tex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trims. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner Box

they sleve with large, uncut cock Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 1532

GREENWICH VILLAGE 28, 6'2" 155 lbs., blande bodybuilder, 10'6", thick and uncut Fontastic pecs super buns, seeks similar or anything hat and dirry from 18-45. Twist my tits, fift my ass, scat my mouth and then pits all over metasther, levis, groups, wet and willing, insistable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything also you may want. Box 119

BROOKLYN, S. 6', 170 lbs., 30 muscular, 7" out, Taurus looking for man, 18, 40, with genuine arritude of servirude. Should be mesculing, well built, mentally and emotionally flexible Box 295.

WOODE BY LONG IS, AND SM Teuros, 43, 59°, 172 lbs., white B' knowledgeable. Trustworthy, remis white, intelligent, creative and fully aware of tisks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with mesculing discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48 No fems, fats, freeks, takes. Box 1858

NEW YORK, M. Aquanus, 36, 517", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners. Likes verbal above, humiliation, and WS from mesculine, cleancut top men, 25.50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on Box 220K.

OUFENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny biondes. Box 306

MANHATTAN, 37, M, 6111", Leo married, seeks mature, compassionate top man to dominate a dominant personality. I've a decent bund hairy body, big cock, would like similar. Not into heavy 8&D or seet, Would like interesting person to develop with. 80x 305

BUFFALO, W/m, 25, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer; leather tover, 21–35. Into S&M and discretion, Box 404BNY

BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6', 170 lbs. white/Cherokee Indian, 7' uncut, know edgesble. Smooth body builder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", harry, into B&D. No roleswitching, scat, shaving. Sox 122

NEW MEXICO

Southeast New Mexico slave, 35 6 160 lbs., 6", ugly as sin, good body needs truckers, bikers to fill hos mouth, horser ass. Into piss, ass sucking. FF, bondage, whippings, bs took and ball forture I'm a piece of shit, so do your scene. One is okmore is better 80x 372

ONIG

CLEVELAND MS Aries, 46 6 10', 155 lbs., white, 6's", novice. French active, Greek possive, wants to please large, wal built partner to 50 No fets, heavy S&M, or 8 Q Box 17V

AKRON, MS, Gemin, 43 61" 196 lbs., white, 65", knowledgeable Into heavy 88-D, light S&M Would twitch roles with right pertner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or hippiet, 80x 187L

CLEVELAND, SM 35 6', 186 lbs musch strhuky build, inexperienced but tend towards 5 role, seeks 26 35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs 4t least 6" for further experimentation flox 665H

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, SM 36, 5'9", 180 lbs., 8" uncus, expolice officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle No Ints, drugs, fems, scat Discreet Box 45

OK CITY, S, 6.2", 195 lbs., 8" cut I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6.2", with average endowment, perhaps in jock strap and chaps 8 ox 1010K.

KOREGONI

POHT, AND S, 32, 55", 170 lbs semi-muscular, herry, 7%" out, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattoged, muscular, or at least not fat that want discipone in leather or levis, write Box 241.

NOVICE SLAVE

45 55', 310 lbs., 7' uncut, gives total tongue service to dominant master, needs hamflistion, WS, into asshole licking, body worship, will serve your commands. Dig kinky sex, leather, rubber, levis, tattoos Write with photo and dirty letter, will do same. Box 348

IF IT'S WORTH FINDING YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

with and meet reunthy study. Into pass, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty to 50 8ox 52F letter 8ox 3094.

C PENNSYLVANIA

PtitsBuffGH, S. 43, 6, 180 lbs. semi-muscular, 7" undut, big baris 8 years in USMC, leto discipline Looking for masculine main, under 40 white an leather or levis, who understands submission and service Into face and assitucking. No fats tems or heavy S&M. Box 83

PHILADELPHIA, S. 41, 631, 165 lbs. 7" cut, sensitive to the limits and desires of a stave who is clean unmarked 20 45, in good physical shape, with low hanging balls. Box 294V25

PHILADELPHIA M Libra, 49 5'10'4", 140. White, 8" Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50 8ox 052F.

KINGSTON, M, 30, 6'1", 180 lbs med-um build, hairy chest, big balls 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into feather, it maiculine Box 119

White slave looking for master, 21 45, no fakes, lata, fams, ugly Into WS. 88D. Jock straps, torn parts verbal humiliation, public worship Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else Will travel to NY, Phil. Balt., and Washington Box 362

PHILADE PHILA SIVITISCIPITA
42 5.7 160 by while 7 knowledgeble is a an stark in muscular and havy expolenced in understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, feather and chains. Will train up to 35 in S&M. 8&D. WS chains, bike and western, leather toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No builshit, Box 5.7

PHILADELPHIA, M. Cancer, 40 6.2", 210 lbs., white, 7', fearning fest Maculine weightlifter with 48 chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced mascutine S. Box 23

Will KES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41 61, 170 bs., white, 121 Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience; seeks prisoners, from beginners to experienced, for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fets. Box 6.6.

LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS

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PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49 5 11", 140 lbs., white, 6", Completely inexperienced but willing to tearn from refined, well-built partner to 50 8 ox 52F.

PHILADE_PHIA, S. Aquanus 46 5 9", 165 fbs., white, 7" is in wedge able Mascu on 5 seek. Milliade 35 into S&M. B&D. WS. oil, leather, levis. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, level, timming, spenking, WS; phone (809) 222 3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5 11", light brown, 148 lbs. all man.

III SOUTH CAROLINA

Submissive w/m, 23, 147 lbs, 5.10 brown harreyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30–50 into S&M B&D w.s. leather levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr possive, Fr active C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143 Taylors, SC 2068?

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, 8, 39 8', 160 lbs., 8' uncut matculine tool looking for well built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action, No builshitters, drunks, drugs or fat Box 61

TEXAS

Bis", completely inexperienced, pie fers someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hos, horny mesculine, outdoor type, no heavy action, new to this but willing to try anything once. Place no problem No scal, dope Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated Box 266

FT WORTH SM 47 Bi2", 190 lbs
7" uncut, German Aquarius is look,
ing for either slave or Master Either
should be knowledgeable, clean, not
into drugs, interested in motorcycles
uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat
w/s Box 0590

AUSTIN, wirm, 23, museum 5'11"
175 lbs. B" wents instruction in mansex, S&M, B&D. WS, leather, military, etc. All scenes considered Travel to San Anionio, Dallas Shreveport, Photo and phone with letter gets mine. Box 364

FORT WORTH, wilm, 6" cut, seeks brief encounter of all dimensions Send photo and letter for prompt reply Box 371

HOUSTON, 28, 5'10", 165 lbs. novice, butch slave seeking hairy lock master to turn on Into lock clothing, bondage, piss, uniforms, eather, rubber, etc. How can I serve you? Wison, Box 37333, Houston, TX 77036

SLAVE WANTED

Permanent, obedient, loyal, devoted Serious persons only. Send recent photo. No drugs. Box 381

RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not firmted to leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MG police uniform breeches and boots). Also into mild S&M. Most analous to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401

VIRGINIA

SM (5 preferred) 29, 5'6', 142 lbs, muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haved, cleanout, muscular M who is mascular and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful – but know when to pull back, respect limits, white I am attracted to other tops, I takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294v50

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5 11", 145 tos., 7" cut, knowledgeable, cooking for someone willing to take time in training, 20–35, white, mascuring, no fats or dirt. 80x 139

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" out, brown hair blue eyel. Harrey rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, digers, leather/levis truckers, horses, WS, I/a, light 58-M, boot lover Business necessitates travel entire US. Replies with photo and phone get mine Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3' 190 lbs., white, 7", novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prevers bike owner. No fems, fats. Sox 18562

TACOMA, SM compretely mexperenced, 7" uncut, 5'10", 240 fbs. Box 181X

WISCONSING

MANITOWOC, WS, Lea, 34, 5'6"
150 lbs, white, into sucking, facking, WS, jockstraps, leather and
the great outdoors. Looking for
buddles with beard or moustache
interested in same. Photo approceared. Box 345. (WI)

MILWAUKEE, MS. Capricorn, 42, 6'4', 210 lbs., white, 6'', knowledge able 15 years as a clave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25–60. No fats. Box 794V85

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28 5'7", 150 lbs., white, 7", novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice assist least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene Box 62K.

KENOSHA

Goodlooking, honest, discrete, young guy with good S/m experiences, wants sexual land maybe social, and preferably lasting) relationships with men interested in S/m type mx. I prefer being the "m" I would really dig being spanked or talked dirty to, in an experienced leather man s sexy car, who made me awallow his beer pas, while he smoked a big cigar, with the windows closed, farting, and etc. I also can make a good "S" for the right guy. My "m" must be new to 5/m type gay sex. He must be very eager to try S&M. appreciative and describle. I will give fender, careful treatments, usually in leather, respecting limits, but 850 and light pain will be required from stert. All nearby and sincere etters will be answered. No permenent marks, heavy pain, drugs, discotypes, or guys who just want to write lotters and not meet each other Bill H, PO Bax 383, Kenosha, WI 53141

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6
175 lbs., white, 7", novice will
satisfy needs of mutually honest,
understanding partner into WS
68.D, humiliation, public exhibitiontim. No heavy drugs, selfish types.
Box 130W

CONTACT

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Los Angeles, CA 90068

Want to buy photographs of guys with clean shaven public erea, Sample with offer/price appreciated, Box 390, (Advertiser is in Holland.)

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, and an SASE with \$1 to John, 433 Douglass St. 5 F CA 94114

MANLY, BRAVE, TRUE and loyal subjects sought by private king. Absolutely serious replies only, Box 357

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DISABLED?

I'm interested in meeting amputated friend, I'm German, 24, blonde, goodbooking, Replies by Air Mail. Box 361

DIRTY FIGHTERS

Turd on to hitting where it hurts. Ball wrestling, Exchange experiences, Meet, Club, Box 370,

M 24, 68 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, werts, tit torture verbal abuse bondage, manacies, shackles, gags, plas, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, lasther, twis, boots and uniforms. Seeks conrespondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288

S/M, W/m, wants to correspond with guys into scat, enemas, piss, pain, bondage, shaving, to exchange fantasies, ideas, drawings, photos. I'm into it, turned on. All races, ages. Let's get in touch and talk serious and dirty. Yed Stevens, Downstans, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011

FOOTMEN

Club for men into male feet, socks, shoes, boots, etc. Send name, age to Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004

MAIL ORDER

RAW MEAT

A Jay, creator of Drummer's super comic hero, "Herry Chess" offers six funity drawings in his portfolio RAW MEAT A, Jay's big guys perform hot sold trips with their swestly equipment for your private enjoyment, Hurry . . . this set is almost sold out! Only \$9 (price includes first class postage and manhandling.) Send check or M.O. to Powerhouse Productions, P.O. Box 11007, San Francisco, CA 94101. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery, All orders must state you are over 21, (15 Herriet, SF 94103.

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Harry, well-built hardhat into leather/ animal games has a funky, amely, inpe collection of pockstraps for your private scenes. Each stain teils a hot S/M story! The fuckers are only \$7 each. Sent in a heavy drip-proof bag. Pete Powers, Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101, Sent either damp or crusty.

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The California laws now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal an all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, the address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that optreson dence he sent to the listed box number.

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A new and exciting line of very gay greating cards – the hottest and most exciting venety available. Not at all for the very sessly offended, 12 different all-occasion cards on heavy coated card stock with envelopes for \$4.95 postpaid. The Emporium 1730 Divisidero, \$ F., CA 94115

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Hot guys pose oude, in leather and
shaved of all pubic her. Catalogue
and 4 sample photos \$6. State over
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Way.)

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This is it? Candid movie of real load ball players in football cage. See jocks shedding uniforms, take leads and shower It's real. No lead Other laims in Super 8.55° color are Marines-Navy, Swimmers, Gymnasts, Nude Surfers, Lifeguards, Wrestilers, Glory Hole. Each film is \$25. Sets of 3X5 color photographs are \$25. Set of 50 photographs, including stills from films for \$50. Free information with order Extre information for \$2. Sign if over 21, TAURUS PRODUCTIONS, Box 3312, Santa-Monica, CA 90403

FREE ACTION CATALOG Box 1392D, Phoenix, AZ 85001

S&M PORN FOR SALE
Port collection for sale Professional commercial material. Personal collection. Must sell. Legit offer, Wirte for info. Box 319

:MODELS !!

MASTER OF LEATHER

Handsome, dominant top, 32, 6', 165 lbs., blonde, harry chested, endowed, enjoys bottoms for bondage, humiliation, WS, enemes, C&B and titwork, FF, shaving, dildoes, toys and more in mirrored gameroom Totally equipped Novices considered, limits respected. Call Don 1415) 863-6401. Master David, 28, 6', 175 lbs., harry, hung thick (S.F's thickest) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for sale

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Straight, rugged, handsome, hard-muscled, Meriboro-gnoking, tattooed ax-Navy fucker with huge, fat, unout prick will instruct you in all areas of submission, hamiliation, and man worship, if you are in need of discretion, and are masculine, and need proper instruction from a supermasculine bastard, then call Dates (213) 399-1423. Will trave.

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Use our 1000 sq feet of fully-equipped playroom, Complete with cell,
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Your fantasies created. Slaves trained
Custody, Bondage. Any scene. Limits
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Will travel Call Top Man (312)
525-3341 after Spm (Chicago time).

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Champion bodybuilder. Have muscular buns with dimples, Send \$5. for my private, shotic photo set and letter detailing my modeling sessions. Can travel, Dick, 54 W Randolph, Suite 806F7, Chicago, IL 50601

MODEL FOR HIRE

Dick, 25, masculine, handsome, defined and endowed. Virus action male. All scenes considered. Will travel. Dick (312) 648-9577

OUTRAGEOUS NYC MODEL 24, aveilable, can travel, moderate (ees. Photoset \$12.00. Books, films, magazines, novelties. Catalogue: \$1.00 plus SASE Marc Senders, 247 & 81st, New York, NY 10028 (212) 288 4970

Frank An hour or a night of heavy give and take. Hung and hunky 415) 552 5323

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Good ooking, 5'4 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, into hair outting, \$15, Paco (212) 243-1786, Write: 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014

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to private groups or includius's who would like to meet one or more of our models. Contact Make Fantasy Beginners welcome, Models wrinted (212) 426-7356.

CANADAE

MONTREAL, young French guy tooking for intelligent older man. I would like to try to serve, obey, be lightly pun shed or bound, but only in a relevant and free relationship Box 351

VANCOUVER, Taurus Master, 32 seeks willing bortom slave for good times, B&D, FF Photo and phone assures reply. Novices welcome. Box 373

STUDS SERVICED Have ped (g04) 921 7723

s 46 5.11", 150 hs, siender tombe harry, 8" cut, stern discription but considerate and respects imits Seeks 18-40, stender, under 5'10" prefer uncut, should be adventurous and writing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave two fats, fems, scat Applicants should the willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys, 80x 238.

MONTREAL

S. 32, 6, dark hair, into heavy and long sessions of S&M pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters, thicock bail work, at home or in public. Will cross stretch, and expand but respect limits of violing and respectful M's. Box 123

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, M. 42, 63", 190 bs., 7" cut, seeks topmen 25-45, hung, mecho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my bruits should be respected. Box 268

IF IT'S WORTH FINDING YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

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FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas ar mail postage. Current rates are 31c per 16 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

DENMARK,

HOT DANISH LEATHER

Masculme guy, hung and harry, 34 6'2", in full leather and tall boots welcomes the west of hot leather guys from all over the world. Am versarile and into many scenes, anxious to extend present limits and enter new scenes. Let's have a fucking good time and fet the smell of teather and , arouse us to will experiences. Send hot detailed letter with photo to Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vesterveng, DK-8000 Airhus C, DENMARK

HENGLAND

SM, 45, 5'11", 14 stone, 6"; imag native; looking for willingness. No wet blankers. Box 359

VISITING LONDON?
Visit THE FESTIVAL CLUB, London's older and friendhest gay club. Make it your London bese. Open 11 am til 3 pm and 5 30 pm til midnight. The Festival Club 2 Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lang, London WC2 Phone 01 836 1436. Write for information

LONDON, Leather guy 62", 170 lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy muscular slaves who know how to serve a ree master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered that, Box 665B.

WEST GERMANY

cologne, SM 45, 6, white 7" uncut, into either tole, experienced and convincing, masculing, slender and muscular, tends towards S role interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent masculine, wear learner neturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121

My Master commands me to place this ad Horny pig German slavedog 30, 611", 170 lbs., 7", to lend to bearded (not a must) dog trainers who will force his fetered possession to wear dog coltar and chain for exceptional acking jobs. Further training needed: passion his hide and fack his dog hole; you will get a whampering, will less object. Try to expand his militables object. Try to expand his militables. Anywhere in U.S. and Europe. D.W. Hecht, Enkastr. 145-D-2000 Hamburg 20. West Germany.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

BERLIN, 5M, 23, 6'2", white, 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year Want to meet/correspond with interesting men into leather, levis uniforms and toys. Also want to meet guys with game rooms in L.A., S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no fems, fats, please Box 134.

MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm., 83 kg 15 cm uncut, mutcular, looking for men with beards or moustache, in teather or uniform, over 30, who are marculine, able to command or take commands. No fats, fems, uncrean Box 270

WEST GERMANY

German 5 42 5 6", 140 lbs., masculine, bearded hung and uncut seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sea. Visit USA twice a year. Game room and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Sand photo Box 206

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6.2", harry, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master Into licking, sucking, w.s. getting fucked, etc. Box 106

KOREA

ARMY SERGEANT

who exercises real discipline daily and knows methods of interrogution wants to meet correspond with like minded individuals. What I give out tigan also take Box 256

MONACO

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Enema expert wanted with discipline methods and humination for slave. Call 93:50-91-81. Write Box 96.

SWEDEN (

MUST BE REALLY MALE

M, 30, can assume either role, in terested in a real man Tends to be passive leto levis, leather, cowboys Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M

SWITTERLAND

BODYBUILDER

Leather stud. 27, into heavy chasts and big pecs, muscular mass, would like to see photos of American body builders into leather strops, jocks and heavy action. Anreas Buhlmann Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zunch CH Switzer and

GENEVA, Bottom, 36, Fr act, Gross, tail, shin, accommodations tsex, bed and breaklast! for top men on their way through Geneve. Tale phone in advance. (022) 31-91-76

SAN FRANCISCO, White male, 34, seeks Master to 45 who knows how to fuck as and who likes his ass sucked. Will service Master and slave or two Master buddles, Single Masters time also. I am into heavy ass worship for Masters and turned on by eating fucked slave ass. Also love smelly, cheesy cock and sweety ass. nto dildoes, chaps, rubbers, smells, dirty jocks but especially Master's asshole. B&D but no pain, please. Sir, let me hibricate your cock with my mouth, lubricate your slave's ass, and lick you both clean. Or, Master, let me service you front and rear with my mouth and hot luck hole. No obese, but small beerbelly, raunch okay, Sorry, Sir, daytime only, some evenings. Box 408

LOS ANGELES Daytime Office Manager is widing to work evenings, for inexpensive one bedroom or studio apartment. I do have good references, Prefer West Hollywood. Box 409

MANHATTAN Muscular bland Master, 25, 8', moving to New York, seeks young sleves for hot pessions, Send photo and letter Box 410

MASTER NEEDED

M, 22, 6'3", 145 lbs., 7"; reeds to be trained and/or owned. Into everything except scat and FF. There may be considered. D.M., 2535 M. Prospect. Apt. 313, Milwaukee, WI 53211

NYC ASSHOLES

Hot, hang virtuoso, 30, seeks adventurous assho as with aware heads. Into everything. Am tireless with special guys willing to show farout hole. Show and tell me about yourself Let's do it! Sox 411

PHOTOGRAPHER

With fetish for spit shirted boots, military shoes, and Marine Corps uniforms would like to exchange interesting photos. Box 413

HUMILIATION

Japanese American top man, 35, 5 4", 125 lbs., masculine, not macho/ hung, steeks tall, butch wirn with solid athletic body, who needs hard cock up his ass and to be used by smaller duy, B&D, light S&M, WS, Pott cum reassurence and affection. Box 209, New York, NY 10028

TAMPA, S, 29, 8'4", 175 lbs., 6%". Combinet on save and younger brother wanted into domination, B&D, spankings and more. Must be masculine, slim, goodlooking and desire to please. Limits respected, novices okay. Your knowledgeable older brother/Master will get you prepared and take you on a personally guided tour of fantasyland you'll ike, It could last for life Box 414.

DRUMMER can no longer accept personal add with phone numbers. If you have sent in a classified advecently that has not yet appeared, and it only contains a phone number as a means of contact, you will receive a credit slip. Currently running classified add with phone numbers will not be renewed when their run expires.

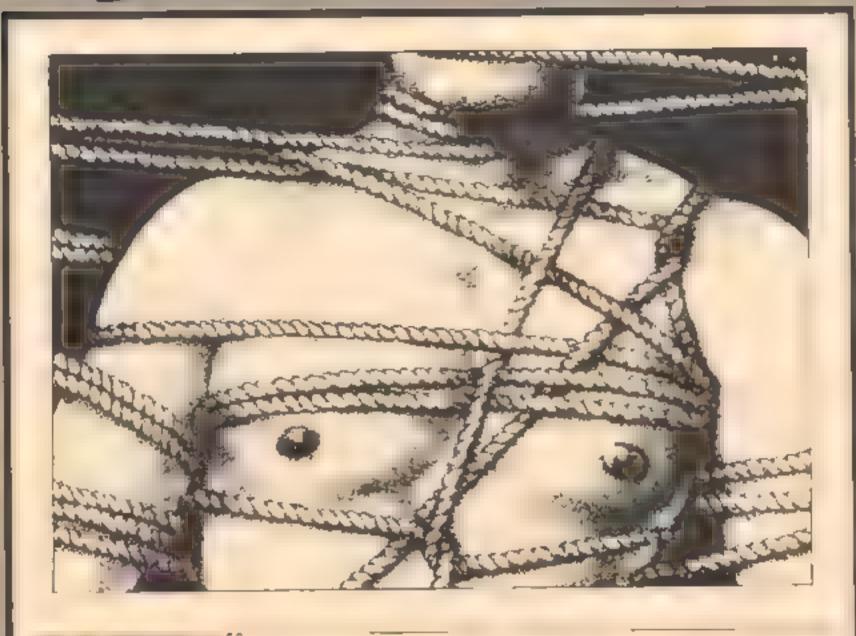








By Three New



PERSONAL PARTY



DAVANA BA MUSE KENT H A CHIERA

3)(3)

Steel by Aaron Travis

Johnny is hung. Big cock on a blond boy's big body. Oily cock gurgles in his shafting hand. Takes his pulse, two fingers and a thumb squeeze the head. Slit splits open, leaks a thread

of gluey spittle

One is victim. Lies belly-down on a beam of wood, hands and feet tied to ends. Dark and naked — grown up Botticem boy. Supples lie taut on firm stretched pecs, pierced by a ring of Chinese needles, tips around the aureoles. Two tits, twenty needles. One needle in the center of each tit, inserted half an ench into the tiny hole. Don moans as the pins sway (ever so slightly) in the rustling air from ceiling fan, Like the potted pums sway, ever so slightly, in the heavy dense rays from the w skylight. Solanum/Greenhouse/Rumpus Room.

Don's cock hard, Hangs thorugh hole in wood, Harder than hard — nuts and shaft strangled by steel collar. One cock, two bails, thirty needles. Fat cock bristles, bulbous porcupine worm pork tube, boiled salami radiating steel. Pincushion ball sack. Needles draw pain out of flesh, like conductors, expand the sensory area of Don's generals out to the blunt

ends of the needles.

No needle in slit. Thin plastic tube there, takes shallow dip then up to Don's mouth, taped shut. From bladder to mouth, closed loop, Yellow bubbles in tube, Keeps Don quenched.

Deep alien slither, then Don's cock is empty.

Catheter gone, Tape ripped off lips. Don hisses, Golden from red hole.

Johnny straddles the beam. Huge thighs hug the polished

wood - cock juts out like a taproot.

"Gonna suck it now, Fuck your mouth," Slow drawl, Houston boy. Used to ask to have his hting sucked. Some said

no, Learned to tell them, All said yes then, All,

Don looks up. Golden face blue eyes hover far away, fixed above mountain shoulders. The fan blades whirl slowly around Johnny's head, makes him took like some crazy flying manmachine (supermen can fly), some cyborg, perfect golden manmade by hungry queer conglomerate. Huge arms huge chest.

Malebox.
News 5150

Americals moet widely circulated direct hon-coded personal ad newspaper

32 pages of male-to-male personal ads — with the ads up front and dynamite interviews, fantasy fiction, and erotic art in the back! A 40-word ad is \$5. Dirty talk is encouraged — direct addresses only, no codes. You can run your photo and phone at a \$1 additional charge for each. We're 25,000 strong in bookstores coast-to-coast. Send us your ad. or send \$2 for the current issue, mailed 1st class in a plain brown wrapper. Do it!

MALEBOX / 54 West Randolph / Suite 606 C 2 / Chicago IL 60601

Stomach like tightly twisted steel cables covered by taut flesh, rubber one side silk the other. Perfect symmetry centers eyes on body's perfect center: huge cock.

Johnny slaps his face. Double slap, right left right left, Stapped Don's ass to ready it for a fuck. Slaps his face to loosen it for a fuck. Slaps til Don's face swings with the blows,

neck limp, throat loose and ready.

Lifts the head by the curly black hair. Mouth hangs slack, More golden froth, Head in, Mouth opens wider, effort. One shove. All the way in All the way. Don's throat bulges out of his neck like the thick tube bulges on the underbelly of his hard cock. Throat stuffed with Johnny's long and hard Cock pulses. Don feels the pulse in his throat. Hardly aware that Johnny is pissing

Cock out to head in mouth. Let him taste it. Let piss fill his mouth. Let it run yellow over his red lips swollen and importe novacaine flesh splash to the floor. Cock back in: let him

feel the pulse.

More needles called for. Ten needles for Don's twisted underthroat. Just a prick, they snag, stand straight out like teeth from a hairbrush. Cock fucks throat. In/Out. The needles on Don's throat undulate, bunch up and brush one another,

spring up straight again in rolling waves,

A tape recorder on the floor plays back sounds from earlier in the session. Sharp gasps as steel nettled Don's cock. Loud whimpers when the needles entered his nipples, Sharp smacking of palm against hard sweaty assilesh. Then fuck sounds: liquid pumping, Don begging — "Oh God yes oh God yes oh God..." words mesh, devolve into grunts at 4/4 time.

Don has a clit in his throat, like Linda Lovecock, a hard knotty surface deep inside that responds like a prostate. Only big Johnny's long and twisting in his wet mouth hole. Great pleasure. Also pain. Don moons on the tape recorder, Neck stings in ten places like hims of metal ants. Len needle points form a cet ular grid of pain: this cell damaged, calls an SOS to surrounding cells. Needles craftily spaced so their sensory epicenters overlap, form solid grid of pain. Needles in tits, needle grid covers cock and balls. Johnny in throat — all things balanced

Don's ass. Don's voice: "You gonna fuck my throat now Johnny? Please fuck my throat." A slap, heavy groans, a hiss, tearing sound — athletic tape — then silence. That was when

the catheter went in both ends.

Don days to since a grass first clut. Ing, heating of new lives for his big cock. So does Don, So do others. They're hard at hime a no new thinking hard of ohinny hard A grid of desire over the city, a hundred points radiating desire, infecting men who have never seen him with fust for Johnny. They hit the streets, looking for Johnny. Anxiously feel up handsome blond stud boys in dark corners — no, that's not Johnny.

Johnny lives for Real Good, Real thing pounds the cit in Don's throat. Don's pleasure mounting. Must restore balance — force orgasm in spite of pain. More needles. Three in upper hp, three in lower. They twist in Johnny's pubic hair as he fucks, catch a little against his balls. Hurts Don more than

Johnny.

Johnny feels teeth on his shaft. Slaps Don's face, hard. Cockflesh on throatflesh, teeth have no place, sharp calcified tumors in Don's fuckhole mouth. Should pull them out, make it small as assisted take a snew de But the animal needs them to survive.

Ready now, Big Johnny swells longer, thicker, Ready for orgasm, Cock sings, Cellular god of pure pleasure wrapped

around thick meat. Now!

Control: out a little, let him taste It. Let him swa low, Swallowing makes the neck needles dance. Let it run white slag river the plass in his I ps. In again, deep—fee's so good let him take the pulse with his throat. Hit the spot, one fast time. Don jerks, His cock bobs like a porcupine wand. The tube on the bottom of his cock ripples needles like his throat ripples neck needles. Graphs, marking mass movement.

White slag spits out, slaps on floor with faint rain sound,

mixes with stray piss on the floor.

Johnny's voice on the tape recorder: "Gonna suck it now.

Fuck your mouth." Then slapping sounds.

Johnny meat softens in his mouth, softly pulses. Lives for cock. Lives for Real Good.

Ride by Charles Arnold

I knew it was going to be all right when the first guy pulled off the road and said he had to take a leak, He was big and good fooking just like some of them I had seen in my collection, and he stood just beyond the hood of the car so I could almost see him, and he definitely was fantastic. I couldn't help getting an erection, and I was sure he kept spying at me from the corner of his eye, but I didn't do anything because I wasn't sure. It looked like he was shaking it off for a long time before returning, and by that time I had to piss too, but I was too embarrassed to say anything, so we just drove off and got back on the highway.

"So you're headin' west," he said, straightening his tie and

pulling the knot tighter, while he lit a tigarette.

"Trying," I sort of muttered, because I was still real excited.

and didn't want to stutter, so I didn't say too much.

"Frisco or Hollywood?" he laughed, and I said "Hollywood," and he laughed even harder because Hollywood was a million miles away and somehow just couldn't happen. "You gonna be a star?11

I just smiled and didn't answer, because that's exactly what I was going to be, but I didn't want him to tell me any dif-

ferent like the rest of them

"You know what they say," he said after a long while as the wheat blew like slow motion in the wind and the sun got big and red. "It's not who you know . . . ,"

"But if you're good."

"Hell, everybody's good," he said, "You just gotta know

who to be good to "

but he grinned "yeah" grabbing hold of his crotch with his hand and sort of fidding with it, and then I knew he was looking at me, and it wasn't out of the corner of his eye anymore. He was staring straight without a flinch as we just missed a big sen and we say you think a law to the cost " whi around us, and the cinders popping, and us bumping around sideways before we finally came to a full rest up against a clump of bushes, Jees, I thought, That was a close one, "You all right?"

"Yeah, I think so," and we both breathed heavy before we

could pull ourselves together to laugh about it.

"I think maybe I owe you one," he said, "Why don't you I the process out to be in a most office. L'ork ned

You don't have to if

I want to," he said, and that was all there was to it. It was my first night out in the "big, cold world," and already I had a place to stay and someone who I thought was going to be really nice to me.

It was sterife clean, but I don't remember the town, and we ate downstairs in the hotel restaurant. I are chicken, and he I HOLD I STEEL IN SET OF FEO KONTE AS I Deapth of which is the war to a conce with a new and a second section of the section of th tallers and sentence you and the and are be a steam for my the region of the END BOOK FRIED PORT

"You are while of a red a th clear blue sky, and I said a and who was so con-

crimson red | wish he hadn't said .

"How come?" ECOP LIKTHOW

Wile grown wast the rilim the went on, forking in another big mouthful. He belched once and put his napkin to his ps. "That doesn't mean you gotta worry, but you sure as hell are a pretty lookin' kid. Those bastards are gonna eat you alive out there. You got ta take care of yourself."

"Oh, I'm all right," I said, "I'm not a ki ! " and I wasn't

was twenty - almost twenty one

legited he is to heak in his charrand pathist hears ns de his pants a little and shook his head, and I knew what he was thinking, because maybe, all right, I was young, but I wasn't a fool.

One time I saw this frind of mine, Bobby, jerking off in his dingy bathroom, I watched him through the window, and I still think he knew I was there, but we never talked about it, and when he shot his load across the toilet, it just splattered up against the tank like someone threw a wad of cream with all their might. He reasy had a lot of determination, and I thought that was hot, but that was all I ever saw and I saw that only once.

"You ready to go up?" he said, and I just nouded and there we were in the elevator with my heart pounding a mile a mmute. He knew I was scared, and I think that made him feet good, but he did come over close and very briefly but his arm around my shoulder as if to tell me not to worry. That was nice, and of course it helped. A warm arm always helps,

The room was lit from the neon sign outside, and everything looked sort of blue or grey. He draped his jacket across the chair and took his tie off with a lot of care and hung that up too, I was shaking as I fumbled at my shoelaces and naturally made a knot which took some awkward minutes for me to bite out.

(as a pig," he said when he got down to his on its and an area. You want me to take a shower or W.F.ST

To the beautiful to die de prohibition and the state of the War w Til III

late and a late of a late of a me - . . . hair brushing against my nose and lips. It smelled strong and safe and wonderful, and my dick got hard in nothing flat, and I wasn't afraid at all anymore

"Whaddya think?" he said, "Should I wash?"

I could hardly breathe before he let me out to answer, and I just shook my head and smiled. After that, he knew he d'dn't have to worry about me, so he sat down on the chair and lit a digarette.

"So you never been with a man,"

"You are now, you know

" Լե-հսհ_."

Seave

"Good," he said: "Come here. I got something else for your

to smell, just to make sur-

He was beautiful sitting in that chair with his shorts and undershirt on, His legs were thick and hairy, and his acms much bigger than they seemed in his suit. He must ve done something special to get the muscles he had, because you couldn't look like that driving around in a car all day

I stood in front of him, and his eyes just stared into mine like I was his brother, and I understood that we were, even the and had never been with anyone like him before, but I knew what he was thinking as if it was some natural thing that I had always known.

"Why don't you kneel down here," he said, pointing to

the carpet with his foot directly in front of him,

Then he spread his legs so that I could almost see in that some between his shorts and leg, but It was dark and all in s are we but he pushed me gently by the hase into that dark secret so that I could small the warmth again, only stronger and warmer and much more wonderful, if such a thing could

he "Whaddya think?" he said, "How does that smell? Too

P .EB?"

Like heaven," I breathed, and I d dn't want to ever move

again for the rest of my life.

Yeah," he said, and finished his cigarette while I sniffed around at what it was like to be with a real man who knew how to handle somebody like me. It wasn't any kind of game and the first the first powerful, and better than anything else I could think of do-

"A lot of dudes don't like it down there," he said, "but I knew you would, I watched you when I was pissing, and I saw

a hungry little piggy settin' in my car,"

"I was afraid

"Yeah, well, I'll get you outta that in about one minute," and he stood up almost knocking me over and strode off to

"How'd you like your supper?" he shouted. The light went on but the door stayed ope-

"Great," I said. "I apprecia 💸 🖟 🗸 🦠

'Whaddy goring do for it?'

"Well, you know," I said, and I felt the stammer coming

DACK

"I can't hear you "he shouted.

"What do you want" I asked, taking a few steps toward

"I just wanna get off," he said, "like I never got off before Think you can handle it? Think you can do that for me?"

"L don't know | L...." "Whyn't you come in here a minute," he said, and my heart started pounding again, and I could hardly breathe,

Are you all right?" I asked. It was such a stupid question.

"I wanna show you somethin"

I stepped into the brightness of the bathroom, and there he was at a forgover one till t with his cook in bush and that any down at it like he wanted to piss. All the things I said about his size were nothing compared to the beauty of his cock. It was brown and heavy and full of veins and arteries that yearned to burst through the flesh, I recled back against the sink in astounded ecstacy, and he laughed because he knew how surprised and delighted I was. Cocks, in retrospect, were always secondary to the rest, but with him, that first time with my first man, it was perfection raised to the level of magnificence. It was a dream although it pulsed with life

"That's what you've been sniffing around for," he coaxed.

"I didn't know."

"Well, now you do. A little puppy dog for his bone,"

All of a sudden, a bright stream of urine shot into the toilet and splattered against the sides, and then stopped. He glanced at me briefly, and then it happened again only for a moment longer, and then a third time as I stood mesmerized in ecstatic

"What the fuck," he finally said. "Do you want it or not?" and before I knew it, I was drinking the wine he was drinking when he was satting across from me at the supper earlier

"Yeah," was all he said as the endless fountain poured the nectar down my throat like warm tea on a winter night. "Yeah," and I drank until my stomach bloated and he was through shaking the last few drops across my face and smiling warmly in exchange with mine. "Yeah," and I knew the joy of a man

He stood at the window and he was naked, while I waited on the bed, thin and shivering in expectation, waiting forr whatever next to happen. Silhoutted against the blue neon, his body was that of a god, a Greek Olympiad contestant, chiseled stone, but then he moved and his eyes caught the light, and he was truly there and not a statue or an apparition at all. I waited while he let me wait knowing the anticipation was supreme.

His ass was a perfect arch, the word is callipygous, supported by muscular thighs and bulging calves, as he stood staring down into the street while I gazed in admiration, beginn, gith sticke result breaks there was no waiting I could help it. He turned, and in the shadow, I saw his huge appendage begin to swell as he came closer to the bed, and I WAS T' OF THE COURSE AS DE IS NO SHOULD SHOU to side and expanding with each step, as if some cristic and content of the conte may be notified may ment haven midagerete him

"You're gonna like this," he said standing over me, "bewith the many death who are well, much a set of everything, and you're gonna feel good, and you're gonna thank me for it, because there ain't no bullshit gonna come down here tonight. Now, lay back and get yourself comfortable, because I gotta lot of cum I wanna feed the hungry boy," and I layed back and almost fainted for a minute before I caught myself as he climbed on top and made himself at

When someone smail, such as myself, lies beneath a man such as I have just described, there is an mescapable sense of dominion and submission, strength and weakness, power and inheritance, and in that night in that town which I've forgotten, that sense was magnified ten fold by the newness and totality of the moment. I was subjected to the potency of a creation beyond two people, for in my mind on that very first night, was the upmost longing to be beautiful and desired and to please. It was that innate grasping for perfection.

Quietly, I felt his hardness slide slowly up between my legs as it poised for just a moment before entering into my aswhich I thought of as pink and eager, as it slid slowly with just the slightest force deeper into me, and he whisher o softly "It's ir ," and I know it was ast the beginning as I was slowly forced to open wider to accept it all, and still there was

some more, as he wanted me to take it all, and I wanted nothing more than to have the whole enormous thing shoved up inside, and as he pushed his final thrust, I screamed out in the most exquisite pain I had ever felt, and the man was totally inside of me, his cock pushing up and up, his arms like granite pulling me deeper into who he was, so his chest heaved in maswas given agains my with Jilly much fou Jimine to enter, and I knew that single moment of oneness when two are one. "Yes," I gasped, and I gasped over, "yes," again and "yes," and deeper and with all his strength, he took me as a man to pleasure him and to give me everything that I could ever want. He pumped me and he pushed me and he held me, and he breathed his heavy breathing in my ear and told me, "Yeah, this is what we're here for," and I felt the crumpled sheets stuck and moist beneath us, and everything was hotter than the summer.

"Wait!" and he suddenly stopped, and everything spun-The same of the second to where I was when first he had his dick upon my ass between my legs, "Wait," and I said "why?" and he said, "Because I want to see it. I want to make the and so had been the about the team's ment catching his breath, as he slowly pulled it out from my

ever grateful ass.

I could see him clearly, as he sat, his massive chest sweating and glistening in the neon glow, heaving, breathing, his mouth emitting short and panting breaths. And then he smiled again, just like the first time, the smile that made me feel we understood each other and there was nothing anywhere that could interfere, I watched him, and of course, I loved him,

Prop your head," he said. "Get a pillow," and I did, and he knelt up between my legs, and his cock shone like a rainslicked tower in the blue-grey light. He grabbed it firmly with his hand and buy in to strike I also for my and my eyes went from that to his and back, and I knew joyously that thing about to happen as I had waited all my life for just that time.

"For you," he said, as he worked the waiting cum from the sack of weighty balls, "I'm gonna do this one for you. Everything I've eaten - everything I've touched is just for you tonight. How much, little boy, do you want my load of cum?" and I said, "More than anything," and he said, "Yeah, and that's why I'm gonna give it to you," and by the time he said the final word, I saw it start to shoot, and watched in awe as streams and spurts of hot liquid wine shot across my chest to tind their mark against my face. Not once, but twice, then twice again, and then another, until my face was not and soaked with him, and beyond all measure, my load had reached miraculously to the walls beyond and dripped like streaks of rain down the durkened face of the television screen. I saw nothing but a blurry vision of a beautiful man knett before me in a slump of total satisfaction and contentment.

"Yes," I said, and I said it over, for that's my favorite word, and he smiled that smile that I have come to know and love,

and he said, "yes," and that was all.

The night passed quickly, and the words of course could not come close to what it was, and I finally made it to Hollywood, but I never became a star, except for once, in that town I I want one there was a need deep among the wheat fields when I was almost twenty one

The Barge of Date White

I arrived at the boathouse at dusk. Four mea in worn clothing looked up as I entered. Though fully dressed, their bodies were maked apparent through see and skip fittings of sairts sests, care are recommend sexual by a feeted one breathing I was forced to take short, quick gasps of air through my mouth

is thout words, a sweet-smelling digarette was offered. It tore into my nostrils, raced like simultaneous, violent eruptions to my sex and head. After several deep drags, an aftertaste like cum lingering in my mouth, i relaxed into tingling anticipation.

From across light and darkness, in and out of stage-like spots, an albino-skinned, white-haired man advanced. Smiling, he placed a finger at the edges of my teeth. Biting gingerly, I rait my tongue over his nail, into his palm. Unbottoning my shirt, his fingers curled playfully around the hair on my chest. Four pairs of eyes warmed me, like mid-August sun (or bonfires on midnight beaches)

on my nipples, causing them to harden. The fair, large-muscled satyrman tickle/kissed my eyelids, ears, the corners of my mouth. The tip of my tongue, like a rattle snake's, darted

quickly into a pool of cupped saliva

Outline of enormous cock pressing against my ass, huge hands unbuckled, unripped, let drop the gossamer weight

trousers I wore. I was nake ...

Two in front, two berind, they marched me to a large black barge. Placing me in the center, they pushed off for an undisclosed destination. Their presence (their eves) produced a body hard-on. Tip to toe, I pussed with the caged blood of a gigantic erection.

One of the four, a man with fantasy proportions - chest, waist, outline of cock - gave me an order. "Piay with your-

self," he said.

Turned on by the words, my choice situation, I ran my tongue over my bicep. I loved the fresh sweat, the highly peppered taste like active cum. Sniffing an arm pit, I touched rough public-like hairs with the tip of my tongue, I caressed my tits, made them salute the rugged, square men who watched with liquid eyes.

Sharing the beauties of my cock, I traced purple-blue veins, explored in detail the head, piss lips, slipped back the

tough, twistable, inches-long foreskin.

Squeezing balls into prominence through tingles of excuisite pain, I said, "Jump, Cock, Jump," Standing, I shared the picture: pre-cum oozed from piss lips, spread to cover the Head of Creat on, dripped to splatter at my feet, Catching drops on my fingertips, I anomited myself. Like a connoisseur I tested the aroma, the taste of the one-of-a-kind vintage Fingers covered with manhood, I forced them up the romantick, cock-hungry dark chocolate-flavored valley of my ass.

Was ever anyone as luckly as I? I wondered.

with cool vanilla waters sprayed from atomizers, left to dry by indiscreet winds.

I must have slept,

When I awoke, no one was about. In the distance, the twinking of quiet blue lights. Curious, I started toward them. Trying the door of an old weather-beaten mansion, I found it open. With an unexpectedly long sigh, I turned the knob and entered.

It was like stumbling into paradise. Or innocence, Inlarge room, men were free to be themselves. "This is me, each seemed to say, (Some of them, the lucky ones like my-

self, were naked.)

My hand supped around my cock, I took in the sights. I wandered through hallways, into rooms, out-of-the-way passages, into a tall stuffy attic, onto open courtyards, to tents at the beach (the sound of waves). Everywhere, men were fucking men. Men kissed men; they showered together, washed their bodies, or a buddy's, a stranger's. Taking turns active and passive, being totally male—they fucked, were fucked, sucked, were sucked. I was surrounded with cocks, balls, assholes; strong handshakes, deep beautiful voices, smiles, farts, kisses and laughter.

As I passed a darkened room, a voice called out. "Come here!" Cautiously approaching, a quiver in my bowels, ms

body was pulled into one totally ciothed.

"You're so easy to love," the bearded man said. "So

, easy."

I felt safe and protected

He toyed with my tits, my cock, "I'm old enough to be your father," he laughed

don't know about that . . .

"I'm sure of it," Fingers tickled my asshole.
K sses, caresses. Endless gentle pinches, squeezes.

How wonderful, I thought. This man receives pleasure, doing what gives me so much pleasure. Sweet kisses, sweet.

* My

"Hold me!"
I'm here."

"Your hair, your beard, your strong, iron body

hungry fingers unbottonted his fly. His cock, his public hair were moist with sweat. "I want to cum on you, Want you to cum on me."

"Yes, yes,"

I had it out. "Beautiful cock ... like hard rubber, are a hose between your legs. Put it ... Put it on my stomach, on my tits, my face. Let me smell it. I want to taste it!" On my knees, my hands caressing mighty thighs, buttocks, I took his cock in my mouth. His balls were huge. Under them, through the sac, I could feel cock roots twisting into his groin.

Hey. What the fuck's goin' on in there?"

Frightened, I jumped up. Someone snapped on a light.

A giant of a man, through unapped leather, pulled some

A grant of a man, through unsipped leather, pulled somewhat violently at the fattest, judiest cock I had ever seen. His hand, large as it was, could not encompass it

"You, baby, are going to get fucked, the bearded man

said.

"I don't know

"You have no choice," The words thri led me.

I ll open you up, get you started for that big one of his, I thought nothing could be better than the fuck the beardmind remained long after he left). But then, the giant led me by the neck to a dust-covered room with ancient ominous

odors.

"Get on the floor.

Timidly I lay on my stomach, breathing deeply the strang-

ely familiar ai

Using my ankles, he twisted me to my back. My legs wrapped around his head, his baseball bat dangled at my hole. His cock was incredible – the size, shape, the brutal beauty of it. My ass said, I can to out I will receiving pack, arimal to animal, I grabbed it. It was rough, like splintered driftwood. (From so many fuckings, I thought.)

Half a can of Crisco around, in my asshole, and the stallion

cock began to force its way inside.

"Relax . . . asshole," the man coped in my ear. "You want it You know you do. Guys like you love this stuff."

Continued on page 56

CALIFORNIA SUPERMEN



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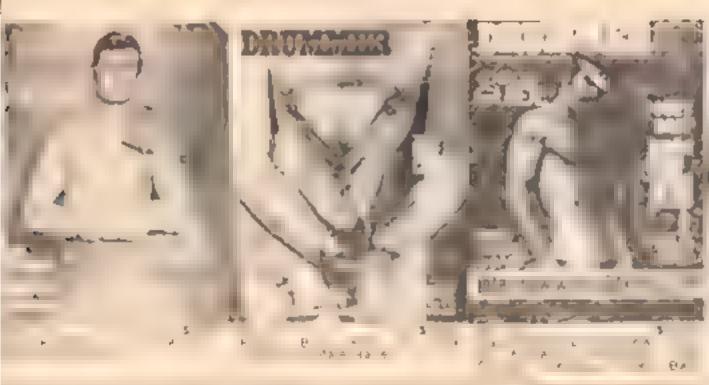
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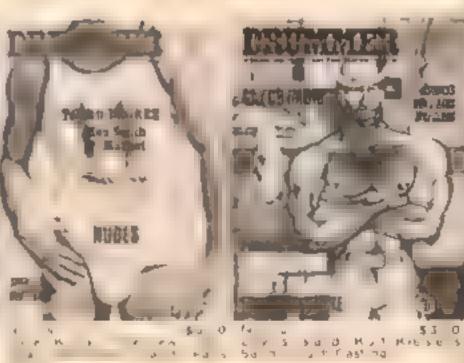




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Violently be shore too, I vicamus out Pun' Pleasure? What?

Easy, esad Easy

Circles ese with my hinds I said Prisc

m in the coaxed, whispered, kissed a common by

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tered a fantastic voting man (black har, gree a second be stated his eves it was to 0 / m s to 2 / m stated be except with his eves

beauty demanded brusses, scratches, bites. Around he hair had the consistency of fine wire. The consistency pulsing percurator; outside edges were rough inside, he will viver

Awakened, bold now, he placed me on my back (sand or my body, waves in my mind). On his knees, he lowered his self (as I had minutes ago) to sit on cock. His ass was hungry at ying, alive, burning. He lived there, in his ass. Wanted cock there. Always and forever - and more. More and minuted cock the worked at it, for it. Gave back places as as as

captured it is a the cocks he must have

bringing them together at the knees, his a vice of the Closing my eyes, writhing, screaming I take man-cunt, my arms reaching up to squeeze his man-cunt mous for one so self-

high minimum asshole, but like insects at my high minimum asshole

which is a second to wank me to the shore, bathe

*" r . r . r . r . he muttered, "So long,

I was to us, or with a consect the thoughts insuner,

y is well a to the Club Members (my spon

positioned my body. While one sucked my cock are ate my ass. A third worked over my tits and the last material albino) kissed, bruised, drew blood from my inco-more hungry lips

I reached out to find others waiting. Oildos. A fist covered

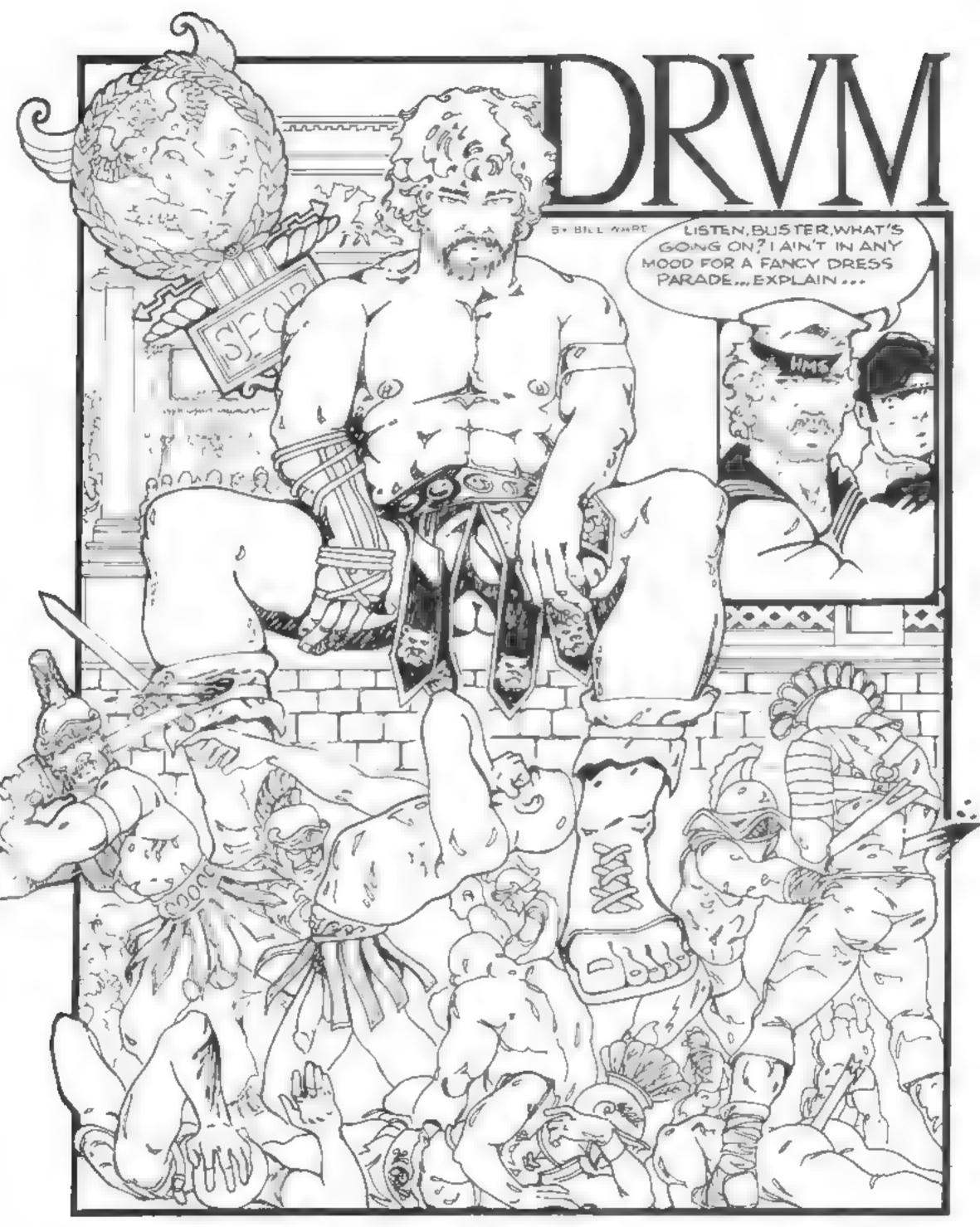
Sperm ran over my chest, down my legs, dripped from my ass. I saw for invisioned) an army of waiting soldiers - beautiful clothed men, their cocks jumping from unsippered crotches

Hours later, years, a lifetime, I found myse f again on the barge. One hand dangled in sperm-like waters

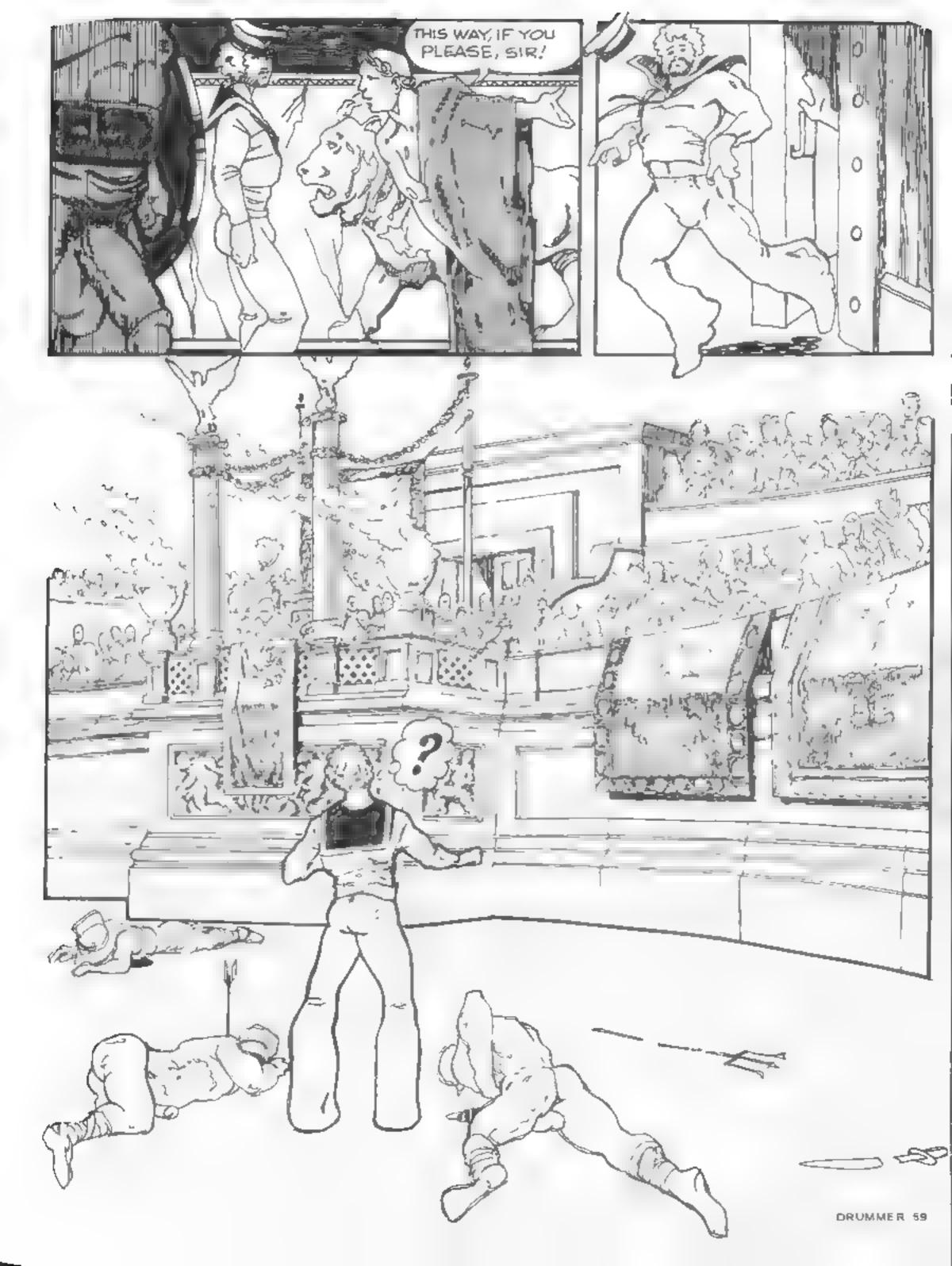
Are we going back?" I asked

'We don't go back," one of the men answered. "We go on, Good, I thought, Good Yes, Leave frightened minds, gossiping tongues, Yes, Go on, Yes, Further and further into it.



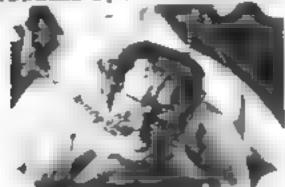






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DRUMMER Reads The Books

Kiss of the Spider Woman by Manuel Pulg, Knoph, 1979, 282 pages, hardcaver, \$8.95

It's no wonder Manuel Puig lives in New York. The Argentina he describes in his fourth novel is populated by spiders. They dwell in the highest political offices; where their piercing tentacles reach throughout the country. They inhabit every corner, alley, and desolation row of the seedy cities and the flat, grassland pampas.

They don the uniform of the fascist regime and embrace their power and guns like the Black Widow embraces her mate

before she devours him.

Their webs, the machines of intellagence, cover the landscape with taunt contemporary communication; intrigue, betrayal, gossip, inuendo, accusation.

What makes Purg an exception is that he has been able to create admirable characters armed this moribund landscape.

There are only two characters in Kiss of the Spider Woman, and the entire book is their conversations together while awaiting release from an Argentian and

Molina is a sometimes window-dresser, a homosexual, arrested for 'child molestation' and sentenced to eight years in prison. He is as stereotypical as can possibly be imagined. He refers to himself in the

feminine, he is fey, self-denigrating, trapped in a severe and self-imposed world of masculine (read: strong) and fragile. His character is detailed to bring a slight distaste, especially to post-liberation gays; and a good deal of pity. But the implication is clear that the reader's pity makes the character even weaker. His weakness is ultimately all-important.

Molina's cell companion is the prototype of the young Marxist revolutionary. He is quiet (read' masculine), severe (read: masculine), filled with revolution ary dogma. He is as used, by Puig, as is

the pitiful Molina.

Against this background of social outcasts; because to the state they are both anathema. Pulg adds the almost strychnine device of his own fascination with elaborate movie plots from the 1930s. Molina spends much of his and Valentin's time recalling, in tedious detail, the many romantic films he has seen in the past. The rest of the time, Valentin reads basic Marxist propoganda.

As the conversations develop and we begin to feel the characters fiesh out; the grind of the films being recited tear at the novel's flow. Then, suddenly; a new device is introduced clinical footnotes taken from medical journals that describe and analyze homosexuality itself. Sud-

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denly we are trapped betwee the conversations, the descriptions of the firms, and the colo, me hid old destruct in of what ittle humanity Maina has been afrowed

It becomes the ling and mescapable

Morna is cared away to the margen's office. He is told he will be recused. carly if he will cooperate with the author ties in capturing the rest of Valentin's resolutionary group. We did to know if the answer is yes, in betrayal or yes in a betraval of the authorities. We do know that he leads them on in order to secure extra find for himse fland Vulentini

The unavoidable happens Valentin responds to the loss of his free-world sex life by a single journey into homosex with Misling. It is perhaps the mist original, most rea alic recounting of such an experience you will ever read. While t is restrained it slexplot One hight becomes a ritual, broken now by the

trips back and forth to and from the Warden the stalls, the index will the conversations, and the tireless recitation amit to

Valentin becomes death vill Millina nurses, reeds, cares for him and he s stronger Strangely it is not the sex mey have shared that casts their roles, at though the sexually of the characters define the roles, but the envir inment of which they are products. Morna deany שו חל של שיני או ה הפין לפרונם חום be kept strong M. and meet week. And while William resolves he is the act all ha ser of power wer his revolutioning ce mate, ne apáicates d' il piwor wi

This is no overstory but a true dy much the the films V or a describes The events that occur after Mining is released are contained in a cinc sile police report at the end of the block it. self a most a pare 1, of the elaborate film. plots each movement exhibit in s duly noted times entered all pull of the

official record

The end 5 bith a expected and devestating arring to the colocotion

stereotypes and predict the ty

Manue Pulg afresus had an international reputation for his earlier nine so Betrayed by R ta Haskertt Hearth car Tongo, and The Brienos Ares Att in With Kiss of the Spider Woman he has not only tackled an air ist imposs to sit a tion but he has written about it with daring, wit and tremendous style. No wonder Kiss of the Spider Human his been banned in Argent na.

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DRUMMER views the Flicks



MISTAH KURTZ, HE DEAD

"The most important thing I wanted to do in the making of Apoca case Now was to create a film experience that would give its audience a sense of the horror, the madness, the sensuousness and the moral dilemma of the Viet Nam. 15 OF

If the parameter of Francis Ford Coppola's intention in Apoculypse Now was to recreate the sense of horror, madness. morality and sensuous ty of Viet Nam, he achieved it in the first five minutes of the film. The ultimate act of violation war represents, the violation of the earth. has never been more eloquently stated in the American cinema.

Having established this opening metaphor that defies refinement, Coppola is left to exercise an exploration into the universal didactic about the nature of the human condition that allows war

When we ist see Captain Waited Martin Sheen), he is causht in a night mare montage of identity reveal on that is part and parcel of Coppola's sentiments about Viet Nam, save for the character's personal raison d'etre; which raises the film's fundamental questions

He is caught in an existential trap, his method of operation is to carry out tasks unquestioningly; assuming no personal responsibility for the morality of the tasks. There is but a moment's pause when he is informed that his new mission will be to kill an American Colonel who has falien from grace with the Viet Nam warmongers. Colonel Kurtz and Captain Willard are hardly the expected antithesis of conventional conflict. In Kurtz (Marion Brando), Willard sees a reflection of himself through a defining prism. We can never be sure if this is just another mission, or an intended catharsis for Captain. Willard; but we know from Coppola's notes that the actual film became a

catharsis for the filmmaker,

Colonel Kurtz is to be terminated because he has taken his troops into Cambodia and established an isolated psuedogovernment with the cooperation of Montagnard natives. His methods of extermination were praised by the military complex before this independent action, and are now condemned as the work of a lunatic. Repeatedly Kurtz is referred to as insane, mad, gone over the edge

Captain Willard is a killer, pure and simple. The hesitation over killing a fellow American somehow vanishes early on; and later surfaces as an overwhelming need to confront Kurtz, to know the man who has taken the art of war to its most

logical conclusion.

Most of the film is occupied with the



eged to be encamped. The mise-en-scene nils a background of specific Viet Nammages. The style is severity, extremes which fill out both the character of Willard and the still unseen character of Nativ

Ironically, the most violent scenes in Ipocalypse Now underscore, but never eclipse, the inescapable heart of the film

Man shot oberently good

When Whard locates Colonel Kurtz, it is in an almost surrealistic setting, the tush and decaying Cambodia sungle palaces, the painted Montagnard natives, a war photographer (Dennis Hopper) that has falen under Kurtz's sway as an agrated somnambulist. An earlier assassin, Coopy (Scott Gienn) stands like a mesmerized centurion; his fingers tapping out an extreme unction on the stock of his rile.

advances the sense of a descent into a nether-region throughout the film; almost pendanticly. The final visions go beyond the realm of expressionistic cinema, probably Coppola's most important cinematic contribution, indeed, he has managed to recreate a personal vision that, rather than move beyond established techniques, approaches the question of realization from an entirely different perspective

Coppola slows the pace when Willard meets Kurtz. The last half hour moves like a funeral dirge; the metaphor speaks for the intention. Painted in whitewash on the face of an ancient Cambodian stone wall we see the film's title; the end at hand is a final, permanent, irreconciable conclusion. The premise is resolved

before the camera shuts off

The images of Colonel Kurtz, pointedly reminiscent of Buddah, are assumed,
in a subjective and stylized manner, by
Willard. When he kills Kurtz, and the
montage reiteriates with the ritual slaughter of a cow by the Montgnard, we are
seeing the most devestating universal
and the transformed image of Willard painted, errie, obscured by ritual
smoke, haunt ngly shadowed by ritual
fire descending the steps of Kurtz's
temple into the messiah-awaiting natives
underscores Coppola's vision of al-

authority The camera continues, in an unexpected conclusion (unexpected because every frame in the last few minutes is in tself a conclusion) Willard starts back on the river. Although in traditional senses it is a positive ending (as opposed to a resolution), it does not shake the doom of the film's didactic. Coppola has taught his audience too well. We have seen the Jarkness of man's heart in a way we have managed to avoid time out of mind. A sense of rejection for the entire film stems from personal rejection of the film's core. Had Coppola set this allegory only slightly in the future, audiences would have praised its visionary approach. We know, in our heart of hearts that we can always change the future. By using a time reference in the immediate past, Coppola leaves us without hope because we know just as well that we can never after the past.



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TOUGH SHIT!

BLADDER CRISIS IN BRITAIN

A new "British disease" has been diagnosed. Britains, it appears, either cannot or will not control their bladders when they go for a swim.

"As a nation, we pee into our swimming pools on a vast scale. You would not believe the scale," reported David Smith, who is in charge of a big London pool.

The issue made headlines after pool authorities in northern England were criticized for considering putting a dye into the water which turn an embarrassing redicing criticity with urine

t is said that the dive is used in West German public swimming pools.

An official from a local swimming club expressed doubt whether the dye would act as a deterant, if anything, it might encourage people to pee in the pool.

"They would see who could make the best pattern in the water or the longest red trail."

- Reuters



BOOK BURNING IN CANADA

QUEBEC — The District of Sherbrooke Official Morality Legislator, Mr. D. Fredette, has banned the importing of DRUMMER. The Magazine for the Macho Male. In his decision, the well-known and despised Fredette concluded, "Cette revue etant jugge comme indecente et immorale en vertu des dispositions prohibitives du numero tarifaire 99201—1, l'importation en est par consequent interdite."

Mr. Fredette was not willing, however, to return copies of DRUMMER to the publisher. He also declined to communicate in English

The ban on Drummer follows similar bans on Christopher Street, Hustler, Penthouse, certain cosmetics, clothing and furniture — all of which had previously been judged obscene.

STIFF SENTENCES

From the Soviet Union comes news of a new kind of torture, reports the October issue of Our

At the infamous Lubyanka prison, dissidents altegedly are in sected with a solution that induces huge, long-lasting erections in five minutes. When the erection finally subsides, the prisoner receives another shot, and so on, and so on.

GAMECOCK REPORTS TOILET SEX (or) What I Learned in School Today

Several men have been sexually propositioned by other men in the bathrooms of the Russell House University Union and the Thomas Cooper Library forcing the administration in both buildings to take action to stop the harassment.

Thus begins the page 4 story in a recent issue of GAMECOCK, the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina,

But before we go any further, let us just add that the 'cock' is the official symbol of the USC, with various rooster incarnations appearing everywhere on campus. That might explain how the rash of uncontrolable assaults began in the first place.

A sophmore, Phil, informed the student newspaper how he was just quietly sitting on the shitter in one of the restrooms, pants around his ankles, stroking . . . er, minding his own business, when he noticed someone was watching him through a crack in the stall door

"I started yelling at him and chased him, but he got away."

Obviously Phil had to finish off his toilet alone,

Other reports came streaming in to the GAMECOCK offices, all first names, no descriptions. The administrators decided it was time for action, and had all the offensive doors removed from the stalls. Things have quieted down (obviously everyone can see now with the doors removed).

Another student related how three guys watched him urinate. He did not disclose, however, if it made his dick hard — or if all the piss made its way into the urinal.

The newspaper also ran a photograph of the bathroom stalls, complete with legs and shoes.



ROUGH TRADE

G. Harrold Carswell, a former United States Circuit Court of Appeals judge and nominee to the Supreme Court, was beaten by a young man he had invited to his hotel room, according to Atlanta police.

Carswell first reported the incident as a robbery, but posice found his wallet when searching the hotel room. The assailant was described as having curly hair and a beard. Carswell had picked him up at a skating rink in the hotel.

You might remember Carswell as Richard Nixon's nominee for the Supreme Court in 1970. He was rejected by the Senate.

In 1976, Carswell was arrested for groping a vice officer in Tailahassee. He was convicted of battery, however.

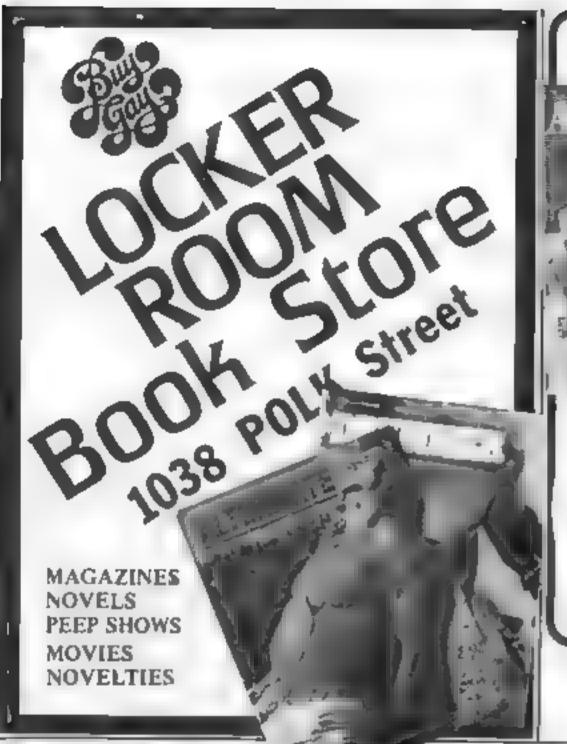
MONKEY BUSINESS

Six marauding monkeys in Durban, South Africa, were being sought by police for the attempted kidnapping of two children who were abducted on the porch of their suburban home.

"Each of my sons was being dragged by a monkey on each arm. I screamed at them, but they continued to pull the kids across the porch" the mother told officials.

Vigilante groups have taken to shooting the monkeys on sight in the African town, where bands of roving monkeys pick the fruit off the trees and eat dog food left out of doors

There has been no word of a ransom note, however,



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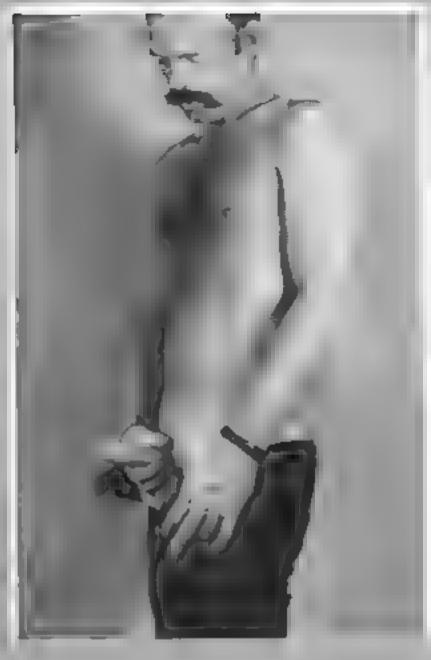
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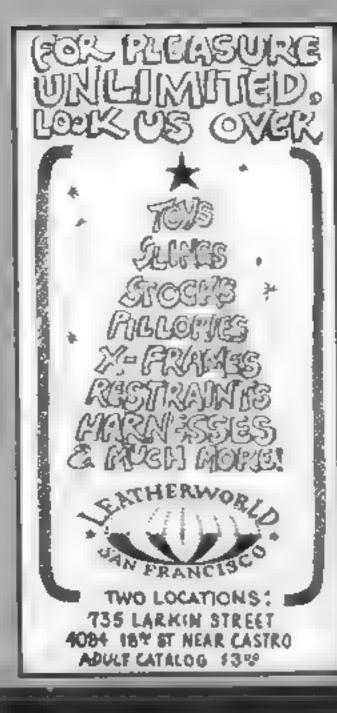
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The nere manner, in resomers is not measured to see herate. Because of land the state can easy theretoese if an easy theretoese if an easy to see it is at with a such that are necessed overcommon as an easy ise for ast thing areas on proton in a time in a many of more prisons. It is no herate because of their elicities at has a refer to man been to be in the form

Bub Carnes, a Findida prisoner

The crowding of prisons indeed adds dimension to the inhumanity of prisons. Unlike the stereotype small town jail with a single weekend drunk and a deputy to guard him, increasingly prison populations reach small town populations in the thousands and tens of thousands. Prison institutions in larger cities, or serving large counties, can reach staggering inmate body counts. 25,000, 50,000, the limit is unconsiderable.

A catch-22 situation. Prison officials cry for more prison construction. With larger prison facilities, more arrestees make it to confinement. There is no escape clause that allows for dismantling prison space. When a prison facility is replaced with another, it is larger. There has never been a case of a new prison built to house less (much less the same number) inmates than its predecessor.

No one has charted the percentage of norease in prison size over the last decade. The scale would stagger the imagination, in certain periods of time, like the 1960s, a larger percentage of the public is arrested, sentenced, imprisoned.

These special social phenomenon (the civil disobedience to the Viet Nam war, etc.) last only a certain time. You would logically expect that once the protest was over, the number of arrested persons would decrease.

Not so. There has been a steady increase in prison populations since the turn of the century. Which means if you remove the arrests of the 1960 political ctivists as a 'crime,' you have, in effect, a doubling of criminals in a decade

While sexual laws are being stricken from the books in state after state, affording another certain percentage in arrest decrease; the prison population has steadily increased.

With drug law reform, the same contradiction holds true

Why are prison inmates as a population still increasing? Where is this growing population coming from? Bob Canney, in his 1976 Come Unity article touched on the nerve of the situation: The state can increase the number of prisoners at will. The state has the power to make anyone a prisoner; regardless of the laws under which it operates.

Prison growth will cease when that power ceases to exist.

GAY LIFE IN PRISON

Bill Smith, who served a two year sentence for passing a questionable check, has written a book about the experience of a gay man in prison for the first time. Cruel and Unusual Punishment is expected to be published this fall by Viking Press, if you'd like to be advised of the book's availability, you may write directly to the author: Bill Smith, 4201 Victory Parkway, No. 304, Cincinnate, OH 45229

SOCIETY OF NATURE

The Society is a group of gay men living near San Rafael, California that offer housing and employment to prisoners close to being discharged. Reintegration into mainstream society is nice of the hardest factors facing the prisoner. The Society is nature-oriented, concerned with agriculture, crafts and art, Information about their group is available from Society of Nature, Box 3771, San Rafael, CA 94902.

GAYCON NEWSLETTER

Ronald Endersby publishes this newsletter aimed at gay prisoners and those
interested in prison reform. The newsletter is published monthly; contains
news, letters from prisoners, pliotox and
artwork, and establishes correspondence
between free world men and gay prisoners. Subscription rates are \$5 for 12
ssues. The newsletter is sent free to
prisoners. Gaycon also maintains stock
of published work on gay prisoners and
prison reform. Information is available
from: Gaycon Press Newsletter, 216
Eddy St., No. 203, S.F., CA 94102

PRISONERS

It is usually effortless to write to a prisoner, it only requires a small amount of your time, a few stamps, and some understanding. Just because a man is in prison, that doesn't necessarily make him any less valuable a person. In the case of

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gay men, a lot of prisoners are there because they are gay. And a lot of nefamous people never go to prison.

When you write to a prisoner be honest about your intention. If you get off just writing letters, you will probably find a lot of grateful guys willing to read them. Time passes slowly on the inside

If you are looking for a relationship that might have some other expression than words on paper, use your head Prisoners, by the nature of their removal from society, are emotionally vulnerable

If you don't want any kind of in volvement, not even just correspondence, you might consider sending a Christmas card, or a post card signed "a friend"

I am 18, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. I like riding horses, I raced motorcycles before prison. There is no one here to talk to about being gay, and I would like someone to write to/become friends with. Bill Dyer, Box 520-216940, Walla Walla, WA 99362

I am currently on inmate at the New Mexico State Prison but will be trainfered to California in October, Philip Caristo B.B.S., No. 26321, Box 1059 Santa Fe, NM 87501

I am 24, 6', 150 ibs., brown huir, hazel eyes. I am interested in horses, camping, reading and correspondence. (Prison regulation: If you wish to send the inmate postage with which to reply to you, it must be an embassed stamped envelope only.) Billy Crawford, No. 139-924, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699





GALA HOLIDAY

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO



In 1973 Philip Masnick opened one of the most startling shows in New York art gallery history. The show was so shock ing, even to the self-styled revolutionaires of SoHo, that it was closed within 24 hours. The closing or censorship, as many would have called it - produced a flurry of contro versy and debate. What was the function of the artist in society? On what basis should a piece of art be judged? Quality of the artist's work or the content the artist chose?

The debate smo.dered for years. The questions, of course, were never answered. Then, in 1979, the year that finds New York with no less than four art gaveries specializing in homoerotic art, the show s back on The invitations were sent out by Foto Galery, 492 Broome Street, New York, Foto sn t even one of the gay



PHILLIP MASNICK

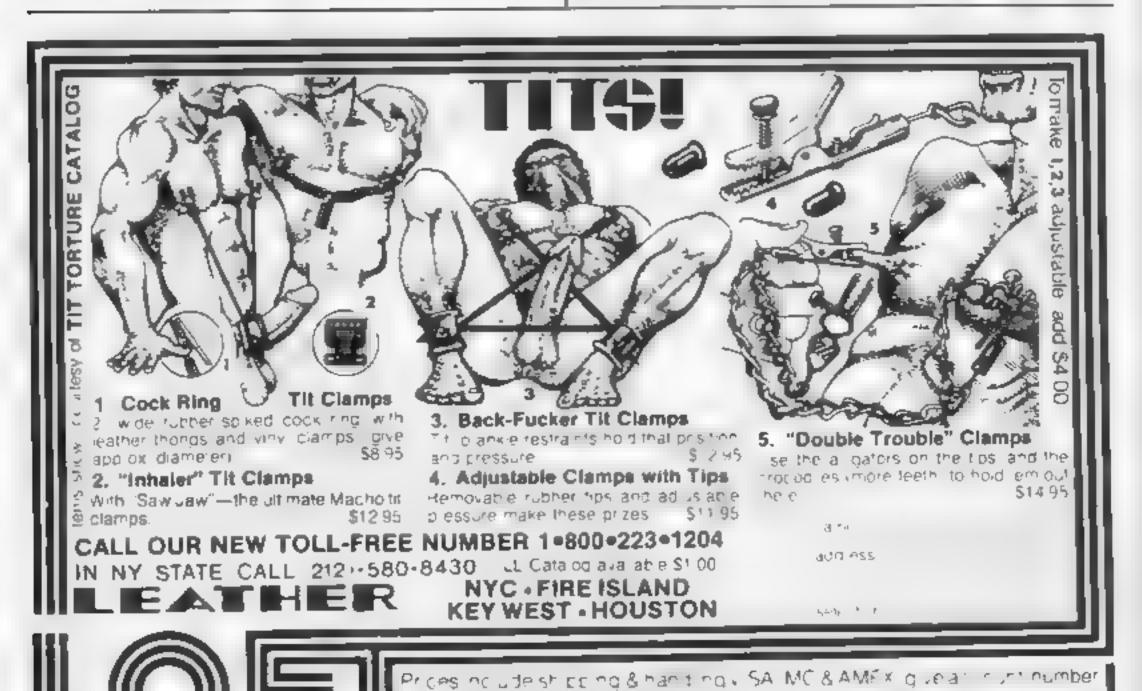
by John Preston











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O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE ...so sand those letters.



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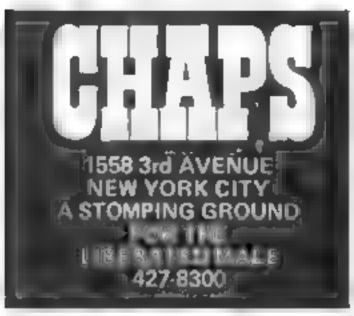
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TOUGH

Cop Lovers

I figure I'm not the only one hooked on those broad-shou dered, buil-necked, hung study in blue serge. And while copy rate gays as number two on their hate list inumber one is 'cop killers'), most enjoy getting their official joints copped along with various other acts of respectful body worship.

I've had hot sex with two young studs who later joined the force. When I was a sophomore in high school, I spent many nights with a senior at his house jacking each other off in his bedroom. He went straight from high school jock to motor-cycle cop. The first time I saw him in his uniform I reminded him of the mutual good times we had shared. He didn't hesitate in asking me to join him at a nearby gas station john.

I sat on the toilet and unbuckled his black leather gun belt, unsnapping and unzipping his oding breeches, pulling down his white boxer shorts, exposing his jock cup. He told me that motorcycle cops wear crotch cups to protect their baby factories from damage when bumps in the road slam their machine seat into their ass. And because an arrestee wi readily try to slam a foot into a cop's nuts while being busted.

I thought he just wanted another hand job, but this stud had graduated from more than police academy. He grabbed my mouth and rammed his already-hard pole in it to the hill. It was the first time I had ever sucked a dick; so I quickly choked and backed-off, finally, I got the swing of it and went to work working that police stick. My first load of copiome was thick, sweet and plentiful.

it was the last time I was to chew on that particular pole. I later saw him off duty, his wife and kids in tow, his hard stud body gone pear shaped and soft. I didn't bother to speak

It was on a trip to Chicago that I ran it into my second available cop. This blond giant was a former Mr Chicago and Mr. Illinois. At the time, there were two well-known 'physique' magazines being published in Chicago: Demi-Gods and The Young Physique. I recognized the blond officer from ads in the magazines for 8mm movies. The publisher of these magazines did his recruiting in a gym above a restaurant on Van Buren, which used to be in The Loop

I saw this stud working out there, saw him with a group of businessmen in the street-level restaurant, and saw him on the elevated trains. I got an instant boner each time

Finally he noticed the direction of my



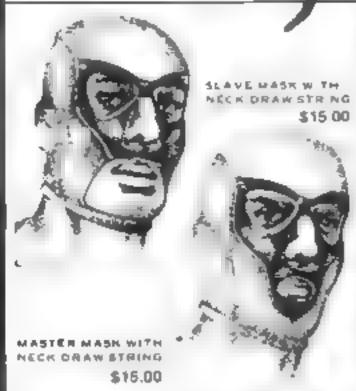
glance, and the look on my face. He just smiled a knowing smile and gave me a wink. It turned into a few highly memorable hours in my room at the Larson YMCA, But it wasn't until my second visit to the city, and my second tryst with the giant, that I found out he was on the Chicago Police force. It wound up being a two-time trussle with those oversized nuts and that short fat cock that grew and grew into a throbbing pole of official dick. My last vision of him is this: He was standing nude except for his boots, gloves and helmet; his hard and thick cock jutting straight out from his crotch

Everytime I see a uniformed cop I make a quick glance at their blue serge crotch; sometimes it pays off. Since the cop can't second guess (at least not with the conviction necessary to sway a jury) what you're looking at (or for either he'll give you a scowl — usually with a muttering under the breath — or a laugh, and may be a more substantial invitation.

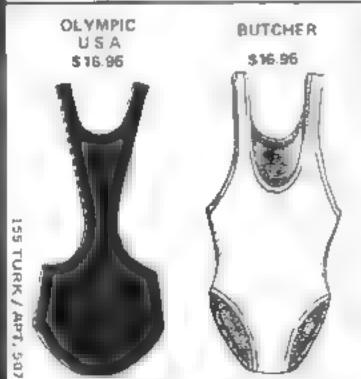
A lot of officers work out at Cleveland's Central YMCA during their lunch hours, or after work. My membership there has more than once repaid itself. My favorite local peace officer is a muscuiar older cop who streps off his gym shorts and does deep knee squats in just his jock strap. His thighs are so huge, he couldn't possibly work out in his shorts. When I saw him in the shower, the first time, he didn't seem to notice my fascination with the way he soaped and rinsed out his long, thick foreskin. The next time I saw him head for the shower, hanging his jockstrap on the peg with his towel outside the shower door, I decided it was time for a little crime. He probably has no idea where his sweaty lock strap went: and even less idea what I've been using it for

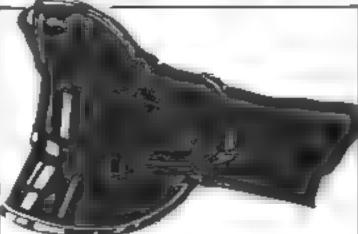
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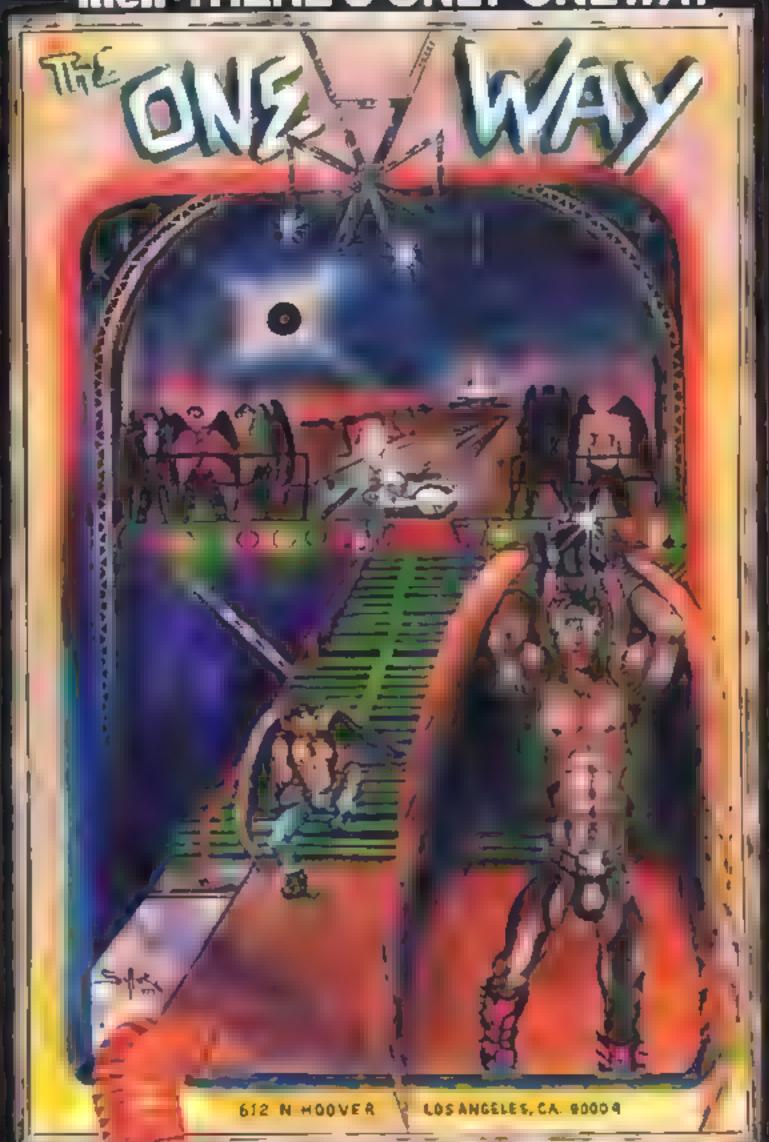
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HOLLYWOOD, Monday, June |-They're saying it was "heat prostration", but insiders know better! Production on Dosert Song, Valentino's latest hysterical heart-throb for Cinegram Studios, had to be suspended last week. According to a studio press agent, it was due to "adverse weather in the Mojave". Temperatures rose rapidly all right, but it was a different sort of supstroke.

According to our confidential source. it seems that The Sheik arrived late one evening for a moonlight desert take. The Great Lover impatiently told the production crew to "Get a rush on". One prankish makeup man promptly uncorked n bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense and sprund it around the set. Rudy was supposed to begin the scene by giving some sultry starlets the air, but what came next was definitely not in the script!

The entire cast and crew put in for overnight overtime. The tent was in tatters, and even the pillows were plastered. It's too had they never got around to putting film in the cameras!

What effect will this have on future production? No further comment was available from Cinegram. When cornered in the studio exfeteria. Rudy only similed and said: "I'm glad I didn't come early. We'll have to get more RUSH for the next take."



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